The Black Museum

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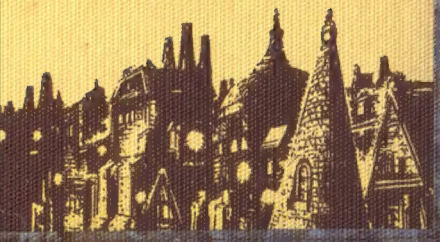

The Black Museum

Springald

Fujita Kazuhiro

モーニング KC 1630

黒博物館 スプリンガルド

藤田和日郎

黒博物館 スプリンガルド

藤田和日郎

講談社

モーニングKC 1630

愚博物館 スプリンガルド

藤田和日郎

講談社

19世紀、ヴィクトリア朝初期のロンドンで、女性ばかりを狙った連続殺人事件が発生。現場では、高笑いしながら跳び去る怪人の姿が目撃されていた。3年前、夜道で女性たちを驚かせたという「バネ足ジャック」が殺人鬼となって帰ってきたのか？事件を追うロンドン警視庁の警部は、意を決してある「貴族」の館へ馬車を飛ばす……熱き活劇の名手が奏でる怪奇と冒険と浪漫の協奏曲！

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Spring-heeled Jack never existed. Farewell.

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黒博物館 スプリンガルド

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The Black Museum

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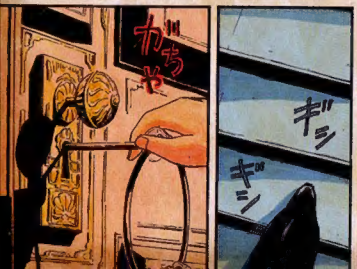
Springald

Welcome to the Black Museum.
You must be Inspector Rockenfield, here to tour the museum, I presume.
I am the curator of Black Museum.

Correct.
Come this way.

This is the very crime museum of Scotland Yard.
Which houses all the evidence to cases investigated in the past, correct?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Chapter 1
The Appearance of Spring-Heeled Jack

As you requested, this is the evidence from that fateful case of 1837, which left all of London in a wake of panic.
The left-leg of the infamous "Spring-Heeled Jack."

"That most dreadful figure,"
"Flew out from the shadows of Whitefield Mount and assaulted me before I could react."

"When his metal claws dug into my bosom..."

"And fire flames spewed forth from his mouth."
"His eyes were like great balls of fire."

"Flew...? No, I exaggerate. It would be more accurate to say he leapt towards me."

"And let out a grotesquely high-pitched cackle."

"I let out a most ear-piercing shriek.

Immediately, he released his hold on my flesh,"

"He leapt up so high across the sky."

"That he soon disappeared behind the grove of trees off in the distance."

"And with a single bound,"

Thus was the account of Polly Adams, the 17 year-old servant girl of Green Man Inn in Blackheath.

ドサ

You would think a real nefarious figure should harbour more sinister intentions, do you not agree...?

To simply give a young girl a scare and take off...

Though I realize I am being disrespectful to the plight of the poor girl,

I must remark what a comical villain she has described.

REGISTRY OF BLACK MUSEUM

Shortly after, other accounts of sightings and attacks flooded in from every corner of the city.

In any case, that was how the infamous Spring-Heeled Jack came to make his debut upon London.

What few bobbies we had at the time were all assigned to the task of apprehending that mysterious villain.

Yes, I remember. All of Scotland Yard was in an uproar over him.

And after he had had his fill of frightening the defenceless women of London,

わわわ

Alas, Spring-Heeled Jack was never caught,

The only trace he left behind,

Now sits here in the Black Museum.

..

Never to be heard again...

He returned to the darkness in the spring of 1838,

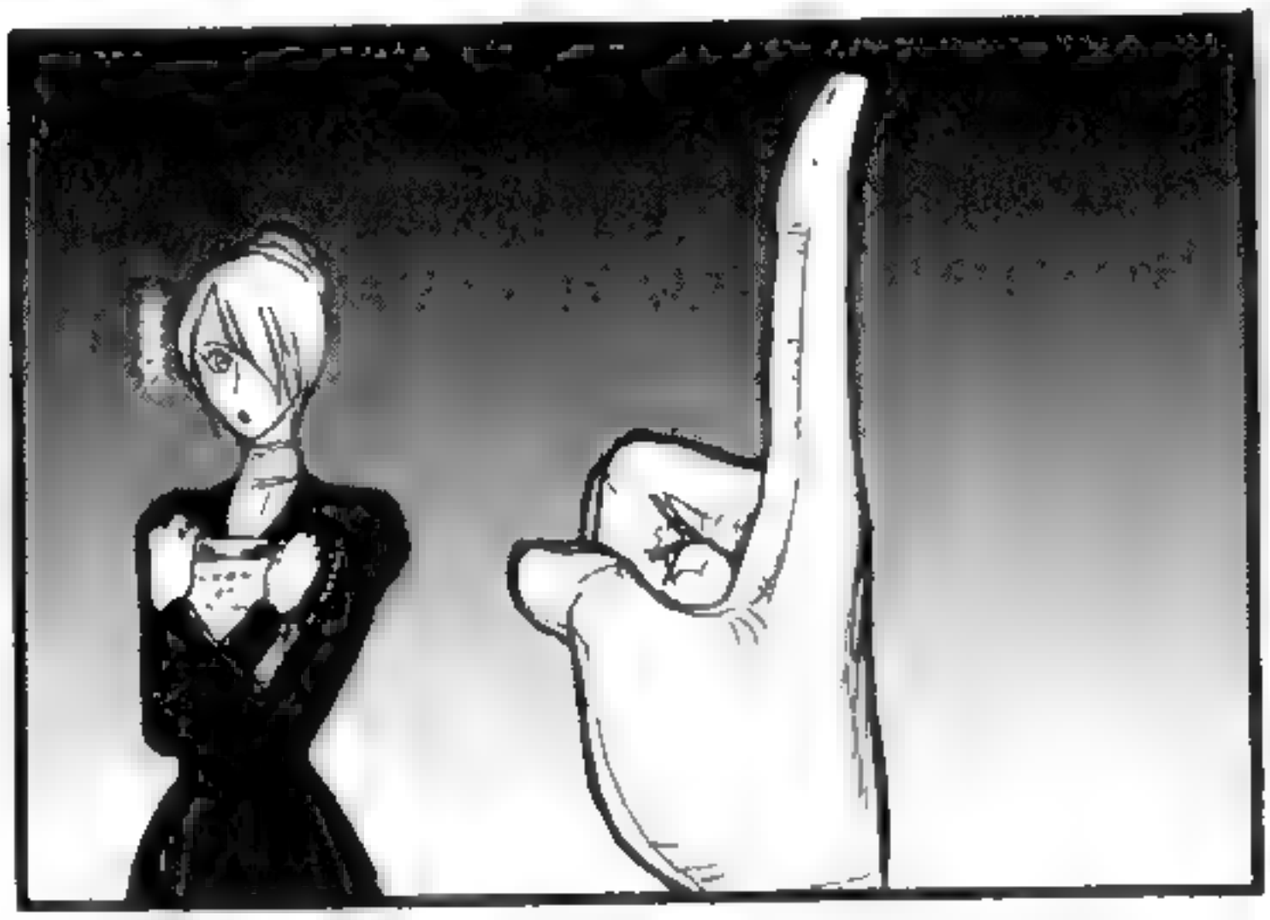
Q

For the upkeep of the sound mind of citizens

Q

BLACK MUSEUM

And the mystery which still eludes us is...



Why in heaven's name he abruptly ceased his prowling...

Including how this leg of his came to be housed here...

I was charged with leading the investigation on him, so I do know one or two things about the bloke,

Are you saying you know why, inspector?

Ahh, you wish to know why?

Do you care to hear it?

Well?

ゴーン

ゴーン

She was on her way home after visiting her parents.

The victim was a girl named Mary Steven's.

A certain incident occurred.

3 years after Spring-Heeled Jack's disappearance,

ゴーン

Hm?

Spring-Heeled...

N-no... I-it can't be...

KYAAAA!

Who's there!?
たっ
たっ

ゴト

IT'S-

AHH!

HE JUMPED!?

シュン
シュン
シュン

Jack!

S... Spring-Heeled

NOO!

Ordering me, Dawson Thomas of the well respected Thomas household around...?

What's this? A mere harlot,

P-PLEASE, SIR... NOT MY FACE...

Oh...?

ARE YOU THICK OR JUST DEAF? PAY YOUR MONTH'S EARNINGS ALREADY, YOU LITTLE PINCH-COCK!

Ahh!

HOW DARE YOU!

B-BUT 4 POUNDS IS JUST TOO M-

Perhaps you'd rather say your prayers already?

THE END

A rather public place to flaunt your boor-ishness, 'innit...?

WOT D'YA FINK YER DOIN'!?

Fine by me, I like to live on the coarser side of life as well.

Tobacco on his ears...? No...

NO, STOP, YOU IDIOTS!

It can't be... Not the loose locomotive of Scotland Yard...

YOU LIL' CUNT!

LISTEN' UP. Y'MIGHT THINK YOU'VE GOT YER ARSE COVERED BY BRIBING A FEW BOBBIES, BUT...

GAHHH!

THERE'S AT LEAST ONE INSPEC-TOR BY THE NAME OF JAMES ROCKEN-FIELD,

WHO AIN'T GONNA STAND FOR THAT KINDA BULL.

ACK-

AN' I'LL 'AVE YA THROWN INTO NEWGATE PRISON.

KEEP UP YER PIMPIN' WAYS,

DON'T FORGET THAT.

ALL I DID WAS CHASE OFF SOME RODENTS BOTHERING MY VIEW FOR MY OWN SAKE,

SO IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF SAVING ME?

YOU'RE QUITE THE BRUTE YOURSELF.

JUST WAIVE OFF YOUR FEES IF I EVER COME KNOCKIN'.

A-AT LEAST GIVE ME A CHANCE TO THANK YOU...

It's another incident!

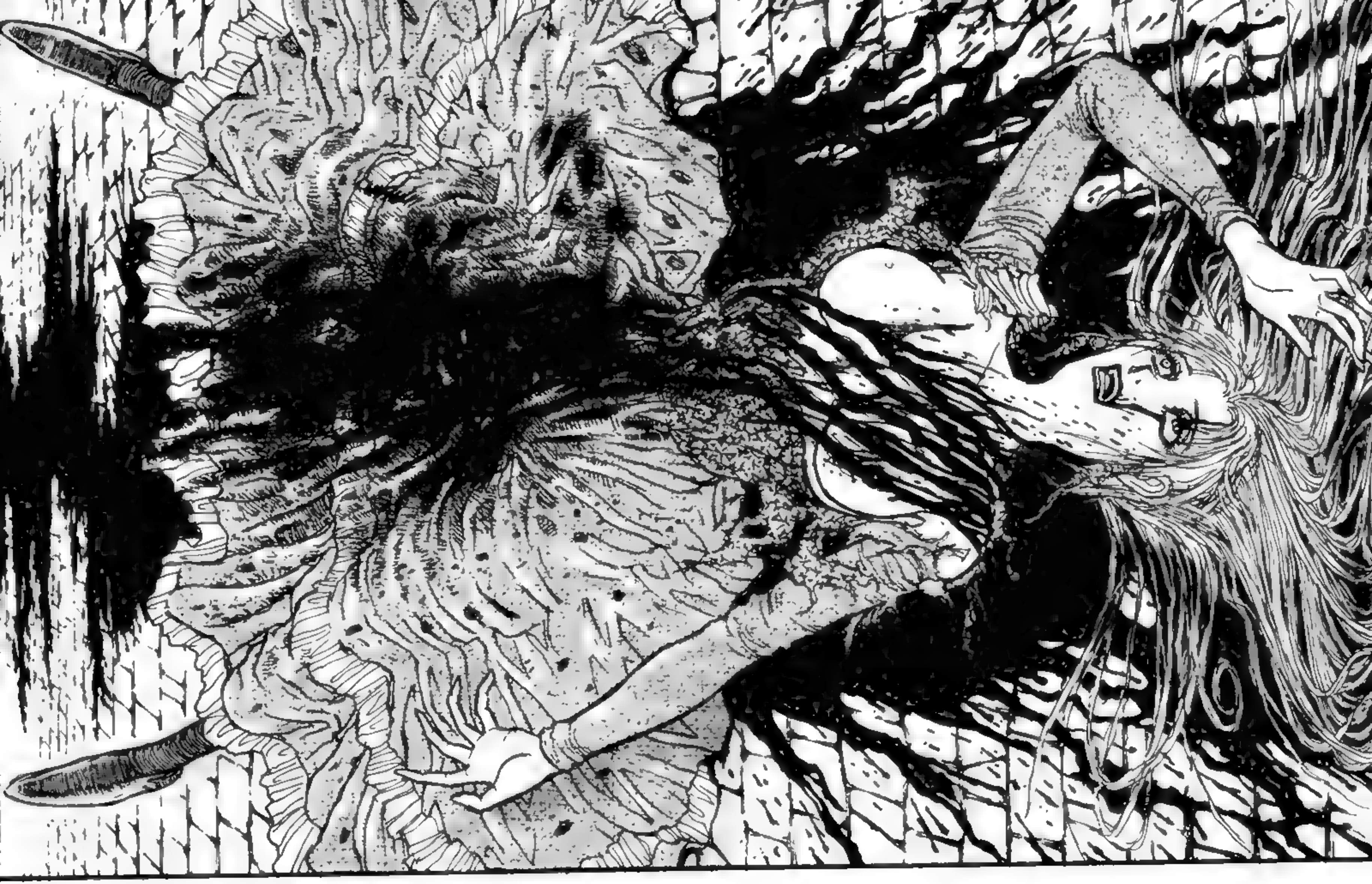
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SERGEANT DANIEL KAVANAGH?

Ins pector!

Ins-pector!

WHAT!?

Spring-Heeled Jack, I mean!



Must be Spring-Heeled Jack.

It's Spring-Heeled Jack.

It must be Spring-Heeled Jack.

They say he leapt into the air and poof! Gone, just like that!

You can see the 5-clawed mark left on her chest...

Another woman dead?

Two officers witnessed the killer cackling maniacally as he jumped high up into the air.

The cause of death is most certainly the terrible gash across her left shoulder to her right thigh.

The assailant's claw even mangled her spine.

It must have been a dreadfully powerful slash.

The victim is Mary Stevens, age 21.

I'LL FIND YOUR KILLER...

Sir!? Where are you headed to!?

WHO ELSE IN BLOODY HELL COULD IT BE!?

Sir, this marks the 4th dead victim in this month.

Do you... Do you really think he's back after 3 years of silence...?

5-CLAWED MARK... ABILITY TO LEAP INHUMANLY HIGH... A HIGH-PITCHED MANIACAL CACKLE...

3 YEARS AGO, WHEN SPRING-HEELED JACK FIRST STARTED HIS RAMPAGE,

THE SCOTLAND YARD MANAGED TO FIGURE OUT HIS IDENTITY!

THAT'S ALWAYS PISSED ME OFF!

BUT 'CAUSE HE 'AD STOPPED HIS GAMES BY THEN, THE COMIS-SIONER DECIDED TO LET HIM OFF THE HOOK!

HE'S A NOBLEMAN WITH THE RANK OF A MARQUESS.

YES... OWNING FIEFS IN BOTH IRELAND AND ENGLAND,

MARQUESS?

Then... Was this man... Quite the troublesome figure to deal with...?

We know his real identity? And how do you know this?

'CAUSE I WAS THE HEAD OF HIS INVES-TIGATION BACK THEN.

Walter de la Poer Streid.

So you think I'm this Jack-fellow from three years ago?

Oh...?

NOT SOME JACK-FELLOW! 'SPRING-HEELED JACK!

YOU'RE HIM AREN'T YOU!?

I wonder if the inspector will be alright, barging into a blue-blooded nobleman's estate like this...
That man's uncontrollable once his temper gets the better of him.

OH, I KNOW DAMN WELL, THAT'S FOR SURE. THAT'S WHY I DIN'T BOTHER ASKIN' FOR PERMISSION FROM THE HIGHER-UPS. I ONLY KNOW TOO WELL IT'S MY OWN ARSE ON THE LINE FOR EVEN CONFRONTING A MARQUESS LIKE THIS.

Do you have any idea at all whom you are addressing and u hat you are accusing him of...?

THAT I HAD TO GIVE UP ON ARRESTING YOU THREE YEARS AGO...

BUT I JUST CAN'T LET IT SLIDE...

Your barks are most amusing. Continue on, rabid mongrel.

Barging in without an appointment and accusing a noble, a marquess no less, of being a heinous sexual deviant...

Ordinarily, I would have you taste this fist of a pugilist, but I will overlook it just today.

...

What are your reasons in thinking I was the Spring-Heeled Jack from three years prior?

THE THING ABOUT JACK WHICH DREW MY INTEREST THE MOST,

WAS HIS ABILITY TO SPIT FIRE AND LEAP GREAT HEIGHTS.

FINE, I'LL TELL YA.

Oh, I see...

THEN HE COULD ONLY BE ONE POSSESSING HIGH TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE AND THE MONEY TO FUND SUCH ELABORATE ENGINEERING ATTEMPTS.

HOWEVER INCREDULOUS THESE INHUMAN FEATS MAY SOUND, ASSUMING THE VILLAIN BELONGED NOT TO THE SUPERNATURAL,

THAT RULES OUT ALL THE COMMONERS AND INHABITANTS OF EAST END WHO CAN BARELY MAKE ENDS MEET DAY BY DAY.

IN SHORT, THE CULPRIT IS AN OBNOXIOUS TWAT WITH ENOUGH MONEY AND SPARE TIME TO DEVOTE HIS LEISURE TO INANE SHENANIGANS.

Haha! How like you peasant-rabble to always shift the blame onto the rich and distinguished...!

THUS, I THEN TURNED MY ATTENTION TO THE RICH...

A GANG OF BUFOONS WHO SPEND MONEY WITHOUT A THOUGHT ALL IN ORDER TO RELIEVE THEIR BOREDOM.

COINCIDENTALLY ENOUGH, MY INVESTIGATIONS MANAGED TO REVEAL JUST THE TYPE I WAS LOOKING FOR.

APPARENTLY, THEY HAD ONCE PAID A FORTUNE TO A RAILWAY COMPANY IN IRELAND JUST TO MAKE TWO LOCOMOTIVES COLLIDE INTO EACH OTHER.

THEIR REASON:

"THERE'S NOTHING QUITE SO AMUSING AS TWO LOCOMOTIVES CRASHING HEAD ON TO EACH OTHER."

AGAIN, THEIR REASON: "IT'S AMUSING."

THEY ALSO HAD A PENCHANT FOR GOING OUT INTO TOWNS AND BEATING ON ANY TOUGH-LOOKING LABOURERS THEY CAME ACROSS.

Ahahaha!

OTHER LEISURE ACTIVITIES INCLUDED TIPPING CARRIAGES BEING RIDDEN BY OLD LADIES,

AND WHEN TIRED OF THAT, THEY WOULD START BRAWLS IN BROTHELS AND PUBS,

SO VIOLENT AND CHAOTIC, IT LED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF SEVERAL SUCH ESTABLISHMENTS.

AND BREAKING OUT THEIR FELLOW IMPRISONED CHUMS FROM DETENTION CENTERS.

UNLEASHING THE HOUNDS AT PRIESTS,

YOU'RE ALSO CLOSELY ACQUAINTED WITH SEVERAL OXFORD-GRADUATE ENGINEERS, AREN'T YOU?

Indeed, those times were most amusing.

AND THE LEADER OF THOSE RUFFIANS... IS NONE OTHER THAN YOU, LORD WALTER.

THE DEFINITIVE EVIDENCE CAME FROM THE INCIDENT AT TURNER STREET.

Don't tell me that's all the basis you have in accussing me as Spring-Heeled Jack now...

AND LET THAT BRAWNY MAN WITNESS,

YOU CLUMSILY SLIPPED UP THAT TIME,

THE INITIAL EMBROIDERED ON THE UNDERSIDE OF YOUR COAT.

W for Walter...? Oh of course, how silly of me. There must be only one boorish nobleman with a W in his name.

Unhand me forthwith.

THAT'S EXACTLY IT, AS WELL. THAT SAME MANIACAL CACKLE HEARD IN EVERY SIGHTING.

SPIT IT OUT, WALTER! WHY DID YOU RETURN AS THE SPRING-HEELED JACK?

DID YOU GET BORED OF YOUR PRANKS 3 YEARS AGO!?

IS THAT WHY YOU'VE NOW TAKEN UP KILLING WOMEN!?

AAAK

YOU CRETIN!

HA... AS IF YOU HAVEN'T KILLED 4 WOMEN ALREADY...

Spring heeled Jack commits no murder.

SPRING-HEELED JACK'S NEVER EVEN ROBBED, MUCH LESS KILL A HUMAN BEFORE!

BUT HAVEN'T YOU REVEALED YOURSELF TO BE THE "EXPERT" ON SPRING-HEELED JACK NOW...

TELL ME...

HA...

SO THE MARQUESS FINALLY LOSES HIS COOL...

YOU ARE SPRING-HEELED JACK, AREN'T YOU...?

ガチャ

AND I'M SURE YOUR MASTER AS WELL WOULDN'T WISH FOR YOU TO OVERHEA-

DON'T COME IN! I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A SERIOUS TALK WITH YOUR MASTER!

He asked me to teach him boxing, you see!

T-this chap here is, err... Oh, right!

Margaret...

Is that right, master?

Oh,

Oh no, no, no, no, no, not at all! Not anything of the sort!

I pondered if my master had gotten into a scuffle again.

カチャ

カラン

ズル

For a moment there,

カラン

But you know, we're good chums, me and him, since our Oxford days...

ヒソヒソ

ヒソヒソ

I wasn't too keen b-but he insisted on and on, you see...

WHAT IN BLOODY HELL IS WRONG WITH HIM?

I'LL COME AROUND AGAIN.

AHEM- WELL...

Is a very kind man.

Master Streid...

I'M SURPRISED YOU CAN PUT UP WITH SERVING THAT MAN.

WHAT, IS THE PAY THAT GOOD?

3 YEARS AGO...?

I have been in his debt countless of times.

Ever since hiring me as his maid three years ago,

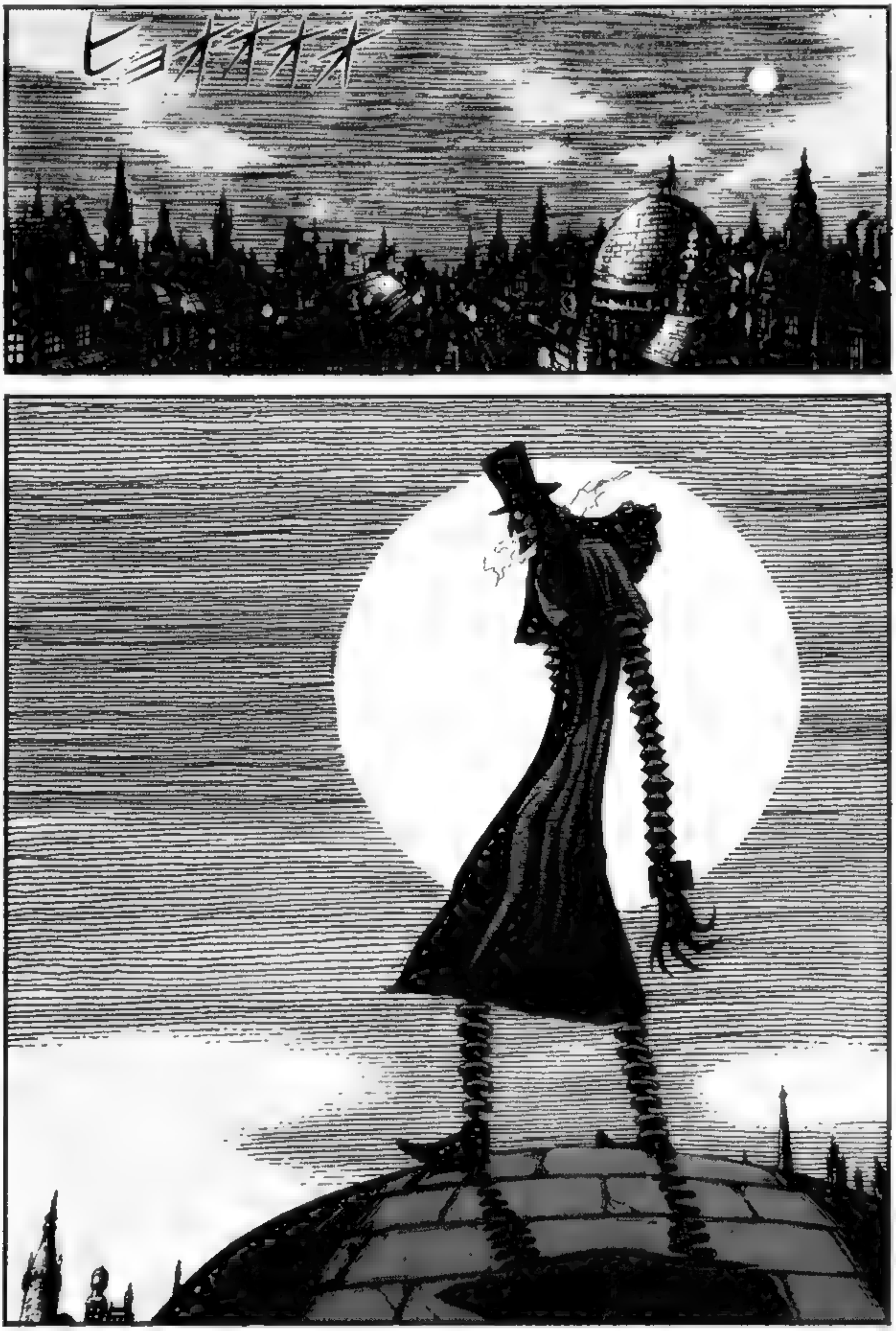
There is something I want you to deliver to the Duke of Wellington's House-Steward.

Yes, Mrs. March?

Margaret.

Yes, ma'am.

If you leave now, you should be able to arrive back by 10 in the evening.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The Black Museum's Bulletin

黒博物館館報

閲覧の手引き

vol. 1

Jinka Katsuo

Spring-Heeled Jack was a mysterious phantom who caused a stir in Victorian era London. For the historically uninformed, the Victorian era refers to the 64-year reign of Queen Alexandrina Victoria, daughter of George III, from her coronation in 1837 at the age of 18 to her death in 1901. This era, similar in length to Japan's Showa era, marked Pax Britannica, when Britain's economy and military was virtually unchallenged.

In the fall of 1837, Spring-Heeled Jack, alternatively known as Jumping-Jack, made his first appearance. At that time, London was a city of 2 million people. The ongoing Industrial Revolution brought great wealth for Britain, and the subsequent cheap exports of grains and vegetables forced many poor farmers from Ireland and Scotland to come to the cities to seek for new jobs, causing cities to surge in population. London itself looked quite disarrayed in appearance, with carriages still travelling on dusty, unpaved roads, factories spewing smoke, and squalid shanty homes haphazardly built and crammed together for the influx of labourers.

Meanwhile, in the seedy underside of London, criminals and poor men who had failed to find jobs would gather around the back alleys and spend their time stealing, fighting, murdering, and getting drunk off of cheap gin. Since people still relied on candles and oil lamps for light during this period, the city would become almost pitch black at nights, making it extremely dangerous for any women to venture outside at nighttime. And in the outskirts of London, there were still highwaymen plaguing the roads. It was in this environment that many urban legends were born, and Spring-Heeled Jack is just one among them.

The Metropolitan Police Service of London was founded in 1829, and its headquarters were built along Whitehall. To store the numerous evidence collected from police investigations, the Black Museum was built in the basement of this building in 1874. 10 years later, the museum was moved upstairs to the 2nd floor due to lack of space.

Before the establishment of the Black Museum, the jailer in charge of confiscating items and articles of clothing from criminals sent to Newgate Prison was free to sell them and keep the money. The clothes of particularly infamous criminals were sold to wax museums which then showed them off to the general public (the Chamber of Horrors section in London's Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum displays such genuine articles).

The Black Museum's Bulletin vol. 1

However, Inspector Neame reformed this system in 1869, so that confiscated items would be returned to the prisoners upon their release, and any important evidence would be carefully stored to potentially aid future investigations. At first, the Black Museum mainly stored weapons (150 items such as guns, knives, bludgeons, poison, etc.), but today, the museum also has pictures of criminals, victims, investigative tools, documents, and even death masks on display. Although the Black Museum is still open today, it is maintained as a strictly utilitarian place to store evidence and aid in investigations, so entry for the general public is denied.

Spring-Heeled Jack first appeared in the evening of October 11th, 1837, just 8 years after the construction of Scotland Yard. As shown in the opening of this manga, his first victim was Polly Adams, the 17-year old servant girl of Greenman Inn in Blackheath. She had been apparently waiting outside alone for a tryst with her Inn-owner's son. This was a rather eeries place which had been used for public executions in the past (you can notice the gallows in the background of page 8, panel 1). Just as she passed Whitefield Mount, named after the 18th century preacher George Whitefield who once delivered a sermon there, a black figure leapt out from the shadows. It tore her clothes and clutched her breasts. When the girl desperately tried to pull herself away, the beast pulled back to spew blue flames from its mouth and emit a high-pitched cackle. Then, covering itself behind its cloak, it leapt back into the darkness. Polly fainted shortly after, and was eventually discovered by locals coming for the Blackheath fair. She told her story to the doctor who treated her wounds, and from thereon, the story of the beast spread by word of mouth. At first, the incident was taken to be a failed rape attempt or a mere prank played by local hooligans but soon, many similar accounts started popping up from all over London. Almost all incidents involved young women being attacked when out alone. Still, since the beast never stole any money or actually raped its victims, the police initially did not bother to investigate further.

However, on January 9th of 1838, these incidents gained official recognition at a public city meeting when citizens brought the case before the Lord Mayor of London. Thereon, the papers nicknamed this beast, "Spring Heeled Jack," and his exploits became the center attention of London.

Actually returned 3 years after his supposed disappearance...?

Oh my! So the infamous Spring-Heeled Jack.

Thus I went to visit the prime suspect.

Yes, and this time as a killer.

Then again, in this museum where even Spring Heeled Jack's leg is displayed so respectfully,

He was declawed; a butter before the sun, if you will.

He was quite the strange nobleman.

A crass and selfish prat devoted to a life of debauchery, yet in front of his parlour maid Margaret,

Chapter 2 The Identity of Spring-Heeled Jack

The word "strange" seems to lose all meaning...

Shall I continue on with the story?

Well then,

Well, inspector!? Did the marquess admit he and Spring-Heeled Jack are one and the same!?

TH TH TH

As I feared...

HMPH, HE WOULDN'T COME OUT STRAIGHT...

Then I shall be off, ma'am.

Don't you come again, you tosser...

Has it already been 3 years...?

Yes, ma'am.

Do not forget to give the House-Steward my best regards, Margaret.

GYAHAHA! YOU'RE THE BEST, WALTER!

THAT ONE GIRL FROM B'FORE EVEN WET 'ERSELF FROM FRIGHT!

ALL O' LONDON'S IN PANIC 'CAUSE O' YOU!

ホホホ

WALTER, Y'REALLY ARE ONE STEP ABOVE US ALL WHEN IT COMES TO PRANKS!

HAHAHA! AS IF!

"I AM BECOME LORD OF DARKNESS, LEAPING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF MAN!"

LORD STREID WOULD BE BUT A LORD PERVERT!

あはは

OH, RIGHT! 'OW COULD WE FORGET!? WITHOUT 'IM,

LET ME FIRST INTRODUCE YOU TO THE MAN WHO SUPPORTS SPRING-HEELED JACK FROM THE SHADOWS.

HOLD ON THERE.

'EY, WALTER! IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR SPRING-HEELED JACK TO MAKE ANOTHER ROUND!

RIGHT YOU ARE!

PRECISELY! HERE HE IS, MEN! THE PRIDE OF OXFORD, THE GENIUS MECHANICAL ENGINEER,

LORD FRANCIS BEAU-MONT!

あーはっはっはっ

RIGHT!

GO ON THEN, WALTER!

'NOTHER VICTIM SIGHTED OVER THERE!

PRICE-LESS!

DID YA SEE THE LOOK ON 'ER FACE!?

HAHAHA!

カラ

カラ

I'LL GIVE YOU CHAPS ANOTHER TASTE OF A DELICIOUS SCREAM FROM A FRIGHTENED GIRL!

DEATH

NOW THEN... WILL YOU CRY? OR WILL YOU SHRIEK?

BIBLE

HMPH, TRYING TO PUT ON A TOUGH FRONT?

BUT WHAT ABOUT AFTER... THIS!?

FINE...

Attacking only weak, defenceless women...

Such claws of cowardice can only come from a lost soul of this realm.

I shall strike thee as punishment.

Then standing in for thine mother,

第10話

カツ
コツ
カツ
コツ

Really now... You mustn't go around scaring other people.

BIBLE

WALTER!

HELLOOO? LORD STREID!?

DON' MIND THAT BROAD FROM EARLIER. THERE'S ALWAYS A FEW DULL HAYBAGS LIKE 'ER!

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YA? YOU 'AVEN'T SAID ANYTHIN' SINCE YOU GOT BACK.

JUST WALKED RIGHT BY 'IM, HAHA!

DIN'T EVEN SCREAM, THAT ONE!

Come on then, stop dilly-dallying!

Give your master and lord a proper greeting.

Master, I have hired a new maid-of-all-work.

I shall try my utmost hardest to serve you.

Margaret Scales, at your service, master.

ヒュウウウ

SPIT IT OUT, WALTER! WHY DID YOU RETURN?

ゴトッ

IS THAT WHY YOU'VE NOW TAKEN UP KILLING WOMEN!?

DID YOU GET BORED OF YOUR PRANKS 3 YEARS AGO?

ホ

I m off to pay a visit to my friend. Prepare my carriage!

M-master Streud!? Where are you headed off to!?

ガラ

Y'MEAN YOU DUN' KNOW? THE DUKE O' WELLINGTON DECIDED TO HUNT FOR THE SPRING-HEELED JACK 'IMSELF!
What's this parade about?

THE DUKE SAID HE'LL LEAD THE NIGHT PATROL!

SINCE 'EM BOBBIES 'AVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO A THING, 'SPITE FOUR GIRLS DEAD ALREADY,

RIGHT, SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, THE SAME MAN WHO BEAT OL' BONEY!

The Duke of Wellington!? You mean from the Battle of Waterloo!?

Finally, London can rest easy!

I see the young Queen can handle herself in orderng even the Duke of Wellington around.

ああ

Oh calm down, inspector

RATHER POMPOUS DISPLAY WHEN WE HAVE PERFECTLY GOOD MILITIA AROUND.

6, 7... NO, 9 MEN?

なはは

AND THEY'RE SPECIAL GUARDS ARMED WITH GUNS TO BOOT.

LOOK, WHAT I'M TRYIN' TO SAY...

The Duke of Wellington is a national living treasure, whose safety cannot be compromised in any way.

It's the superintendant's orders! You know we can't do anything about that.

SHH!

IS WHY IN BLOODY HELL DO WE HAVE TO FOLLOW AROUND SOME OL' GEEZER LIKE WE'RE SANCHO PANZA!

Give it up already, inspector.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, WE NEED TO GO AFTER WALTER, NOT PARADE AROUND WITH THIS SENILE LOON!

Men! We're about to enter the seedy underbelly of the city u here all sorts of vile villains and dregs of society fester in. So keep your eyes peeled!

SSHHH! SSHHH!

OH, LIKE ANY WRETCH IS ACTUALLY THICK ENOUGH TO GET IN FRONT OF THIS ARMED MARCH!

おおおお

ヒオオ

That Lord Str-
I mean, his friend
Walter has come.
Tell him
at once,
カア
ア

I care not. Just inform him at once.

That the young master is in his study and cannot be bothered by anyone...

I... I am afraid, sir,

Walter! It really is you!

ﾀﾀﾀﾞ

Mn...

It's been a while.

Hello, Francis.

Haha, my research room is always open for you!

I see this room is still the same as ever.

Three, I think?

Ah yes, how many years has it been?

In any case, seeing you again really takes me back.

Remember the time we destroyed that pub?

Yes, I've forbidden entry to this room for the maids. Care for a drink?

Sure...

Yes, and when the women from there tried to sue us,

You were so irked that you came up with that idea for a prank...

Ahh, yes. That was when we got that waitress drunk and had her start a fight. We torched that place, didn't we?

Right, that's how it began...

Spring Heeled Jack...

I too felt quite proud of myself for inventing the spring heels that people were up in arms over.

You were the center of London's entire attention.

That prank was a huge success. A real jolly not for us.

A mere flash of time...

And it's already been 3 years...

The way you leapt across buildings on a horse,

You know, it wasn't only London you were the center of attention to. I was quite infatuated with you then.

Whether we were in a high-class ball party, or a low-class pub...

And had the most beautiful women gravitate towards you,

But,

Ha...

You were the spring-heels of my heart.

Since some time ago, those spring-heels weren't able to jump anymore...

Ever since that night 3 years ago, I believe it was...

Perhaps I spoke too much. So then... What have you come for?

Haha, my bad.

Besides, you remember how difficult it was to control those lanky limbs. You were the only one in our gang who could do it.

Ahaha, so that's what you came here to ask... No, there isn't.

Were the spring heels you gave to me the only set?

This may sound strange, but...

There wouldn't happen to be another set, would there?

Hm?

There's no one else but you u ho can become the Spring Heeled Jack.

I created those metal limbs specially for you alone, you knou, Walter.

Relief? Ohh, you must have been worried about the recent spree of murders by Spring-Heeled Jack.

Well that's a relief to hear.

Oh is that so...

For even Walter?

Oh, is murder unacceptable,

Some mangy mongrel came barking to me about it recently.

He tried to have me convicted for not only my pranks 3 years ago but murder as well.

You know, I somehow think the Walter from 3 years ago would have answered differently...

...Of course it is.

3 years ago, this... 3 years ago, that... You really can prattle on, Francis.

And the Walter from 3 years ago would have struck me.

Bye then.

Walter.

The cause is that girl, is it not?

The girl who slapped you that night.

That girl was conci-dentally hired as your maid soon after.

I know all about it.

Francis?

...What did you just say,

She is engaged to that lawyer.

Alas,

SLAM!

. .Have you taken up smoking opium or something?

Sorry I had to lie to you just now.

Sorry, Walter.

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カツ

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リンゴーン

リンゴーン

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……！

ガシッ

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE JUST NOW!?

SIR, WAIT!

CAN'T BELIEVE THE BASTARD ACTUALLY SHOWED UP!

Chapter 2 End

The Black Museum's Bulletin

黒博物館館報

閲覧の手引き

vol. 2

Jinka Katsuo

On January 9th of 1838, the first public meeting of the year was held. Londoners trudged across the snowy roads to enter Mansion House. There, John Cowan, the Lord Mayor of London, dealt with various municipal issues and approved of certain suggestions. Towards the meeting's end, an anonymous letter was read out aloud.

The letter brought to attention before the Lord Mayor of the curious incidents that had been happening on the outskirts of London for several weeks prior. The writer believed that some young hooligans or more likely, a group of aristocrats, had laid a wager to disguise as a ghost, a bear, or a devil and go around frightening young girls. As these incidents were still continuing with no signs of abating, the writer called for the Lord Mayor to use his authority to bring this menace to a swift close.

The next day, the matter was reported in the papers, and each newspaper house frantically searched for the purported female victims, but did not have much luck. Nevertheless, the incidents had undeniably happened and reports continued to flood in about further attacks and possible suspects. Thus, the newspaper companies then began a more thorough investigation of all the various hearsays and rumours, starting from the very first incident at Blackheath.

Even Scotland Yard could no longer ignore the incidents anymore. Whether or not there really was a monster who assaulted women, it was a fact that London was now in state of panic. The anxiety Londoners felt over Spring-Heeled Jack could be seen in part as a reflection of their anxieties about their changing society. Sightings and hysteria over ghosts, UFOs, and the like often reflect the fears and worries of everyday citizens. For instance, in the aftermath of the Soviet Union's collapse, Russia and states formerly part of the Soviet Union recorded a surge of UFO sightings. The citizens' worries over the uncertain futures of their governments and their own lives had left them more susceptible to mass hysteria.

The English at the turn of the 19th century had witnessed the French Revolution, colonial uprisings, and undergone several ineffectual kings. Moreover, the newly coronated Queen Victoria was but a mere 18-year old girl. Meanwhile, the industrial revolution further widened the gap between the haves and the have nots, and the homeless became more and more numerous. This was the world into which Spring-Heeled Jack was born.

The Black Museum's Bulletin vol. 2

Right from the papers' very first report in January of 1838 on the beast, they gave it the nickname, "Spring-Heeled Jack," by which it quickly garnered attention of every Londoner. Up until then, the beast had been referred by various names such as the leaping terror, suburban ghost, or laughing devil. The English name "Jack" is akin to the Japanese "Tarou" and is a common feature of many nicknames.

By 1888, he had already reached a level of attention such that the papers merely had to mention "Jack Sighted," and the readers would understand it referred to none other than Spring-Heeled Jack.

Even before Jack's very first appearance at Blackheath, there had been several other sightings of similar phantoms at Barnes Common of Middlesex. This was a public land far from residential areas with gently rolling hills and a cemetery. It was known to be frequented by highwaymen and a place for suicides.

In the night of September 1837, a salesman was on his way home after his work had lasted longer than he had anticipated. He took a shortcut by cutting across the field. Just as he was about to leave the cemetery, he spotted a devilish apparition leap across the fence and approach him with its arms raised. It was a crescent moon night with hardly any moonlight. Terrified, the salesman ran all the way to town without once looking back.

The following night, three girls came across the phantom while on their way home. As with the salesman's case, the phantom suddenly leapt towards them near the cemetery. Two of the girls managed to run away, but the third girl was caught by the phantom, who then shred her clothes with his sharp claws. As the girl desperately tried to get away, some passers by arrived and the phantom leapt away. The police later arrived to find the girl passed out and her naked body visible as her clothes had been torn. The criminal was never caught.

Later in one October night, another phantom appeared before a young maid at Cut Throat Lane in Clapham. The girl had her arms caught and her breasts fondled. When she screamed, the phantom leapt up into the night sky and disappeared.

As such incidents were recorded with increasing frequency, it is no wonder the citizens of London found it more and more difficult to distinguish reality from delusions.

What happened to M-m-margaret and Spring-Heeled Jack who attacked her...!? Tell me, Inspector Rockenfield, tell me!

W-what happened next...?

So as I was saying, I was ordered to accompany the Duke of Wellington and his guards on their patrol,

Calm down. I will get to it all in due time, Madam.

AHH!

On that one foggy London night in the fall of 1838...

Chapter 3
The Terror of Spring-Heeled Jack

ガキン
ガキン

I, THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, SHALL EXTIRPATE LONDON FROM THIS GREAT EVIL ONCE AND FOR ALL TONIGHT!
ガキン
THERE'S THE WRETCHED VILLAIN!

ガキン

FIRE!

AIM!

BACK OFF, YOU BLUE-BLOODED BASTARD!

WALTER!

HE JUMPED!

DO NOT FALTER! KEEP SHOOTING!

SIR! THE MUSKETS ARE INEFFECTIVE!

AGHH!

STAND BACK TO A SAFE DISTANCE, SIR!

WHAT IN HEAVENS-

AIM FOR THE HEAD!

-HSOOES

What a mon-strosity!

T-this Spring-Heeled Jack...

Are you alright, my grace?

AGH-

DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO CREATE AND USE SUCH SAVAGE TOOLS!

JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT A BIT OF MONEY,

NO, YOU PLONKERS, GET B-

SPRING-HEELED JACK!?

IT'S SPRING-HEELED JACK!

KUKU...

IS THIS THE KIND OF GAME YOU LIKE TO PLAY WITH YOUR PRECIOUS MAID, WALTER!?

WHO THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU!?

わあ あ

……

W-

WAIT!

わい

わい

Hou difficult it must be for her.

Can you believe it? Margaret's already back to work after u hat transpired yesterday evening.

Oh, you.

But you knou, even that inspector u ho's come to question her is quite handsome don't you think?

Right, and with that lawyer to boot!

For a lou ly maid, she's made quite the catch!

Why is she even working?

Her wedding's next u eek, isn't it?

Ladies! Get back to work forthwith!

ざわ

Ohh, I have a thing for u ild men!

He's the loose locomotive of Scotland Yard, don't you know? I hear he's quite the coarse brute.

ガチャ

You try too hard, Margaret. Master Streid even scolded me for sending you out on an errand so late.

But returning to work is more conducive to calming my nerves, you see.

Are you sure you're fine returning to work so soon?

Thank you for saving me last night, inspector.

Wedding?

I apologize, ma'am. It's really my fault for insisting that I work right up until the wedding day.

Really now... With your wedding coming next week,

How am I supposed to explain to your fiancé had anything happened to you.

I see... If you don't mind me saying, I imagine that'll be quite the tense marriage.

The arrangements are complete and the wedding is to be held next Saturday at a local church.

Yes, she caught the eye of a young lawyer named Henry Shellby who had helped Master Streid in past occasions when the master's pranks had gone too far.

It'll be fine.

Yes..

Yes, a mere maid with a lawyer... Trying to plan a wedding between members of two vastly different social classes must have been fraught with difficulties .

Master Streid!

Henry's an upstanding gentleman.

He is sure to protect you from whatever others say about your marriage.

There is no reason whatsoever that prevents you from getting married to him.

Besides, you are also originally the daughter of a priest.

I... Really don't know how to ever thank you, Master Walter.

Thank you for employing me in your service, as helpless as I am with my lame leg...

And for not only agreeing to be our witness for the marriage but also for paying our wedding expenses...

I beg your pardon, master?

I...

Just marry me next time.

Oh that shouldn't be too hard.

Absolutely not. Margaret's a good, hard-working girl, but she can hardly keep a secret.

Besides

Lord Streid surprisingly seems to be on very friendly terms with his maid. You don't suspect their relationship might not hide anything more belou the surface...?

Haha

I jest. I jest...

はぁ!!

MARGARET!

I see...

If I were surprised at every little thing the master did, I could have hardly lived for as long as I have so far.

ああ

I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED! ARE YOU ALRIGHT!?

Henry.

A pleasure to make your acquaintance. I am Henry Shellby, a lawyer and soon-to-be husband to my dear Margaret.

Hello, I am inspector Rockenfield of Scotland Yard, and this here is sergeant Kavanagh.

So who's this?

A-ah, my apologies for storming into the room so rudely, Lord Streid.

My apologies for putting your bride in danger, Henry.

Well, I've questioned the poor lady enough so allow us to excuse our selves...

So, you brutish excuse for a police officer...

B-BUT INSPEC-TOR!

DANIEL, GO ON AHEAD.

Slam my tables and hurl a load of cobblers' au ls?

Will you not bark today?

WE'RE NOT ON THE PURSUIT FOR THE SAME SPRING-HEELED JACK FROM 3 YEARS AGO.

WE'RE ON THE CHASE FOR A KILLER THIS TIME.

I KNOW, I KNOW.

Please do try to restrain yourself... You are speaking to a marquess, and I hardly wish to be forced to share culpability with you if you're fired...

WHAT?

I WON'T WASTE MY TIME ON YOU ANY LONGER.

THERE, SHE ENDURED HARSH CONDITIONS AND FELL SERIOUSLY ILL WHEN SHE WAS FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

MARGARET SCALES... THE DAUGHTER OF A POOR PRIEST OF TOOTING BEC COMMONS. SHE WAS SENT TO AN ORPHANAGE AFTER LOSING HER PARENTS FROM AN ILLNESS.

ALTHOUGH SHE TRIED TO MAKE ENDS MEET BY SELLING GOODS ON THE STREET, SHE WAS IMPOVERISHED ENOUGH TO SERIOUSLY CONSIDER PROSTITUTION AT ONE POINT...

THE ILLNESS LEFT ONE OF HER LEGS LAME, WHICH SHE HAS SINCE DRAGGED BEHIND.

AND SO SHE SUFFERED THROUGH HER ILLNESS FOR ONE WHOLE MONTH ON THE COLD FLOOR OF HER ROOM. THOUGH SHE FORTUNATELY SURVIVED,

NATURALLY, THE ORPHANAGE WASN'T WILLING TO PAY FOR A DOCTOR FOR ONE SINGLE GIRL,

I'VE ONLY TAKEN A GLANCE AT HER PAST HISTORY.

You've done your research, I see...

Was she now?

MARGARET SCALES WAS ALSO ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

3 YEARS AGO, DURING SPRING-HEELED JACK'S INITIAL RAMPAGE,

AND WHEN I QUES-TIONED HER...

Yes, that's how she always is...

SHE'S QUITE THE INTREPID GIRL, I MUST ALSO POINT OUT. UP UNTIL SHE FAINTED, SHE DIDN'T EVEN LET OUT A SINGLE SCREAM DESPITE HER CLOSE BRUSH WITH DEATH. I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE DRAWS SUCH MENTAL FORTITUDE FROM HER SMALL FRAME...

THIS MAY SEEM A STRANGE QUESTION, BUT...

DO YOU THINK THE SPRING-HEELED JACK YOU MET 3 YEARS AGO WAS THE SAME ONE YOU MET LAST NIGHT?

DON'T BELIEVE SO.

I...

Is that your instinct speaking?

YOU ARE MOST DEFINITELY NOT THE SPRING-HEELED JACK FROM LAST NIGHT, LORD STREID.

EVEN THAT HONEST GIRL DOESN'T THINK IT'S THE SAME JACK.

Earnest? Yes, I suppose you're right...

THE SPRING-HEELED JACK FROM LAST NIGHT,

WASN'T OUT TO KILL ANY RANDOM GIRL...

THAT'S NOT ALL, EITHER.

How like a second rate detective to rely on such flimsy evidence.

What...!?

Fine, I'll let you off for tonight...

Kukuku...

But at the height of your bliss,

You will not be touched by your lover's tender lips...

Maarrrga-
reeet...

But rather these scorching claws of mine,

Chapter 3

End

WAS SHE ABLE TO MARRY HENRY OR NOT!?

O-one question at a time!

THEN WHAT HAPPENED? WELL!? WELL!? WHY DID SPRING-HEELED JACK TRY TO MURDER MARGARET?

But...

I assure you, I'll get to it all in due time so please do calm down, Ms. Curator.

Let us skip a little forward to the day before the wedding...

It should now be clear that this Spring-Heeled Jack who killed 4 women was not Walter.

Now then...

Chapter 4
The Reminiscence of Spring-Heeled Jack

リーンゴーン

Well aren't they ostentatious?

There's to be a lawyer getting married tomorrou at the church.

What's with all these well-dressed gentlemen coming out in droves today?

Why would that uncouth ruffian bother to support a lawyer's wedding?

Just hearing that man's name sends shivers down my spine. Talk about a selfish prat, if there ever was one.

I hear Lord Streid's backing the whole wedding!

Never happening for you, sorry.

I wish both of them my blessings if that's true.

A lawyer marrying a maid? Surely, you jest.

I hear it's one of his maids that the lawyer is marrying

Ha, that might explain it. I don't think anyone would blink an eye if someone were to toss a stone at him from a crowd.

Well, you know how capricious he is.

Even if it is one of his maids, his support makes as much sense as tits on a bull!

But you know, his actions might win the favour of London's lower classes.

Good!

WE HAVE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED THE SUSPECT'S ESTATE, SIR!

So do not let your guard down until the supposed suspect Francis Beaumont is arrested!

Spring-Heeled Jack's a beast who will stoop to any heinous level!

カレン

OPEN UP! THIS IS A DIRECT ORDER FROM HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN!

CURSE THAT WALTER! WHY COULDN'T HE TELL US EARLIER!

RIGHT!

QUICKLY, DANIEL!

Inspector James Rockenfield, there's something that I just recalled.

As boorish as ever, I see.

I am a marquess, you realize?

OUT WITH IT THEN. I DIDN'T COME ALL THE WAY HERE THIS EARLY IN THE MORNING FOR NOTHING.

Then to reward your tenacity, I will tell you the name of the criminal.

You never let anything go, do you...?

YOU MIGHT NOT BE THE SPRING-HEELED JACK OF NOW BUT YOU'RE STILL LIKELY TO BE THE SPRING-HEELED JACK OF 3 YEARS AGO.

We went to Oxford together, and he's also known for being a genious mechanical engineer.

Francis Beaumont, the eldest son of a Baronet u ho lives in a country house at Hertfordshire.

WHAT!?

He was the man who created the spring-heeled contraption,

...YOUR PROOF?

Which I wore 3 years ago.

Incidentally, he is quite my admirer.

W-WHAT IS ALL THIS RUCKUS?

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Stop him!

HA-

You must,

And storm inside his study with the soldiers.

Go inform the Duke of Wellington at once.

どた どた

Inspector!

か! か!

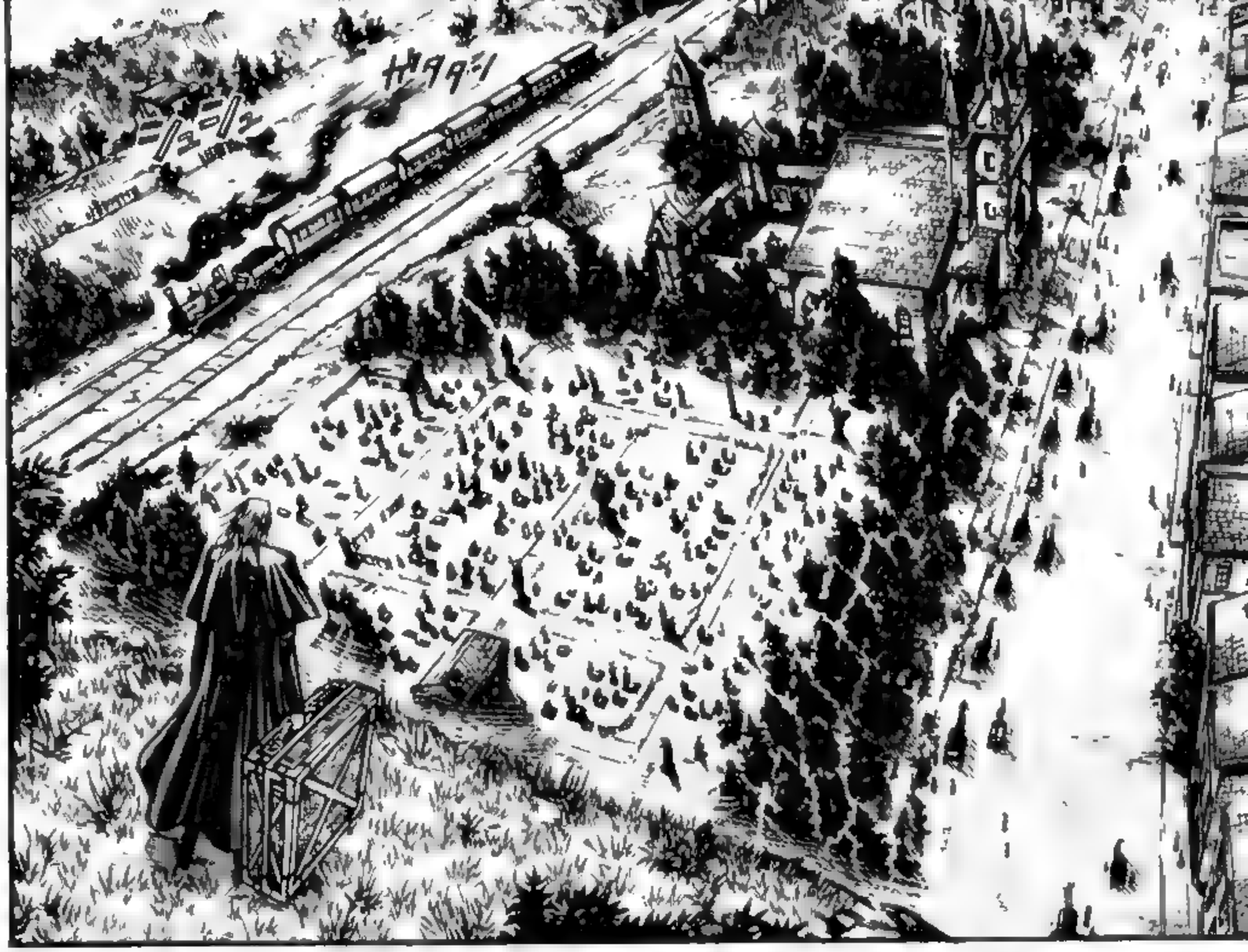
CURSE THAT WALTER...

NOT HERE, THAT'S FOR SURE...

Where is Lord Fran- ...Or rather, the criminal?

ゴゴゴゴ

HE INTENDS TO SETTLE THIS HIMSELF ALONE.



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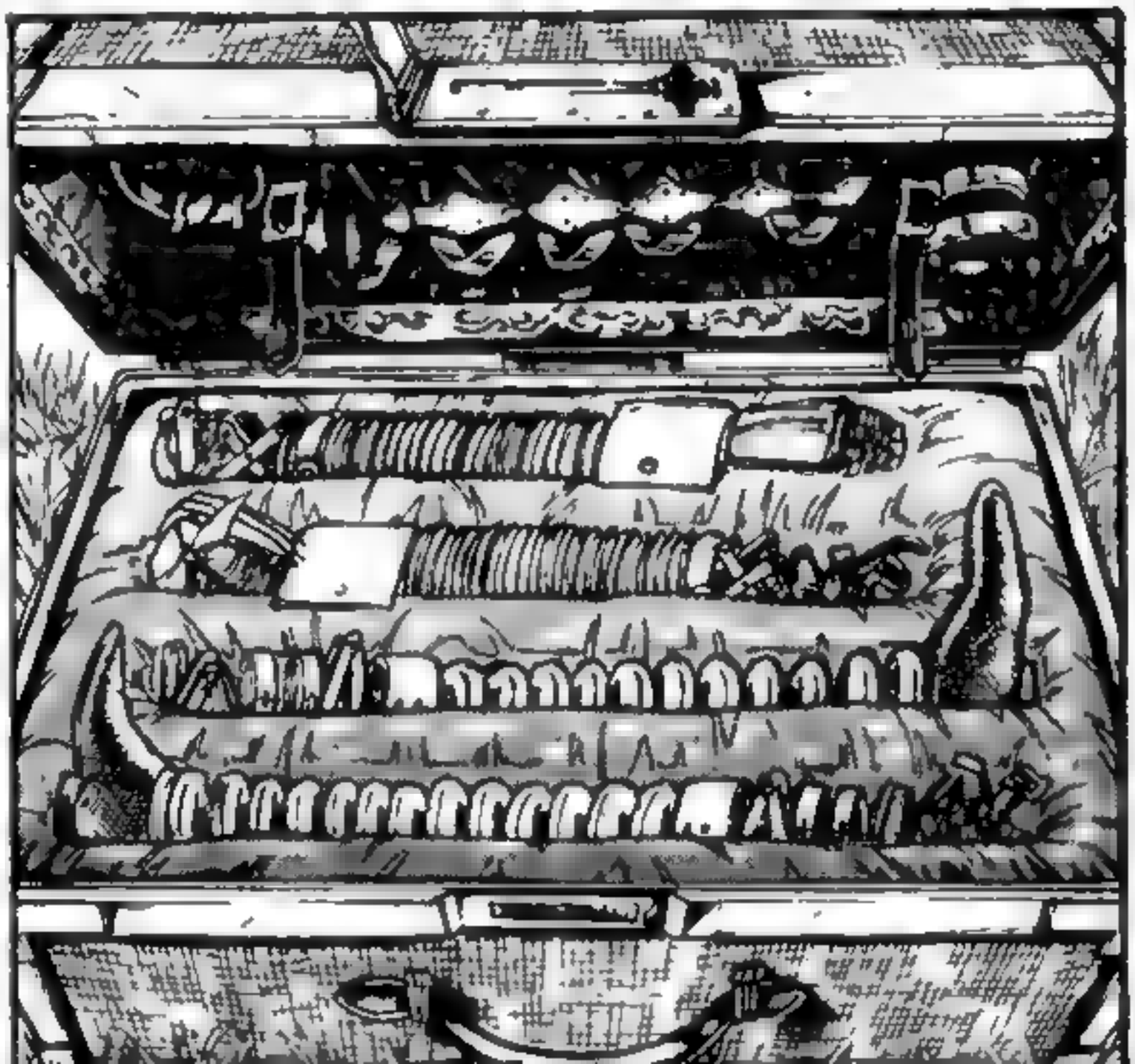

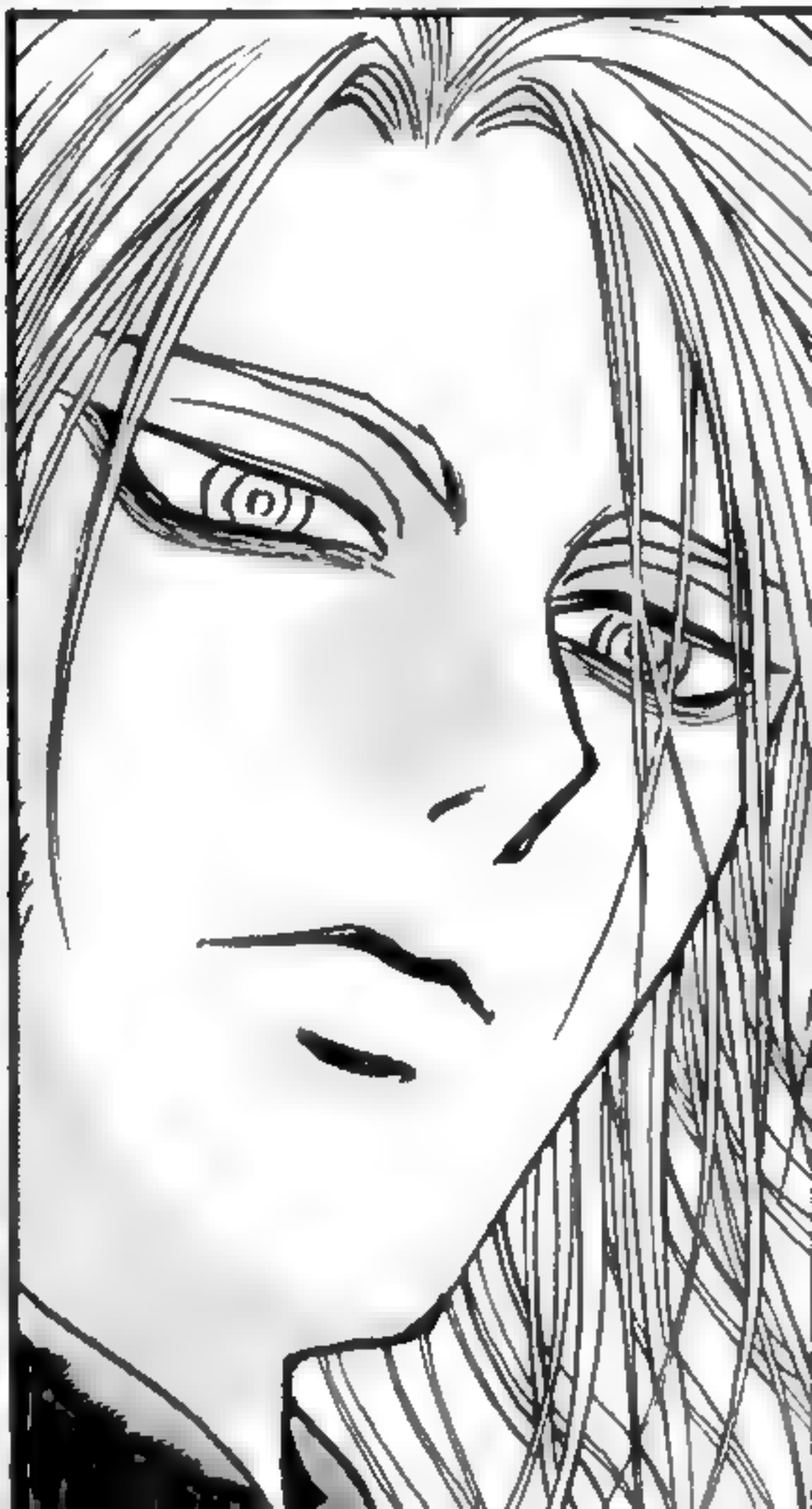

ガチャ

Oh dear, it's starting to pour.

Let's quickly head inside.

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ハァ

ハァ

She went out on horseback just earlier

To think she'd fall off

HHHH

What a shame...

At such a young age...

"Can't fall asleep? Have a glass of milk then."

"What's the matter, Walter? Come over here."

Yes, and he's hardly touched his meal...

What, is he still inside his room?

I must leave now lest I arrive late.

I have a Duke's banquet I must attend.

If he still cannot accept reality, then he is a black stain on the Streid Household. Leave him be.

His mother is dead.

十四

十四

Have you finished Odyssey, which I assigned last week?

Your reading is still sorely lacking.

Only a dunce could mispell such a simple word over and over again.

Incorrect. The final word here has been misspelled.

It will enrich your mind and heart.

You are to read poetry by Johnson, Goethe, and Schiller as well.

How excited you've gotten over a test score you ought to be getting at all times.

Really, it's rather exasperating.

That's only natural for the eldest son of the Stréid household.

You received a perfect score on your literature test?

"My, what a lovely flower that is."

"A flower?"

"What are you drawing, Walter?"

Take care, young master Walter.

Welcome home, young master Walter.

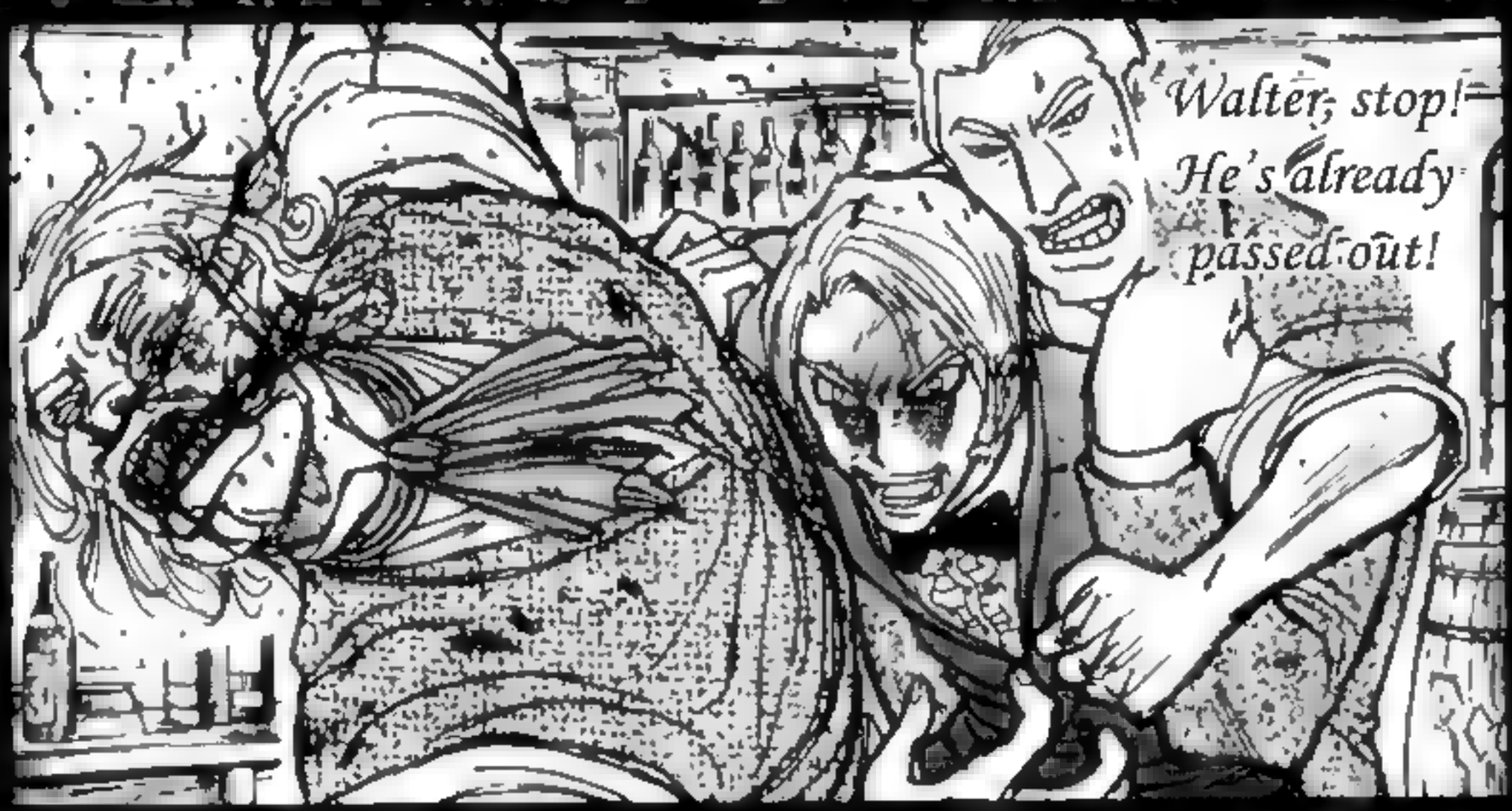
Sorry, father.

Oh, I think I can imagine

You won't believe what the young master requested of me this time

Master would only scold me if I were to let you go and mingle with all the commoners.

...The park? Oh no, that won't do.


Walter, stop! He's already passed out!

You're wonderful, Walter.

None of us can keep up with you, Walter.

I shall strike thee as punishment.

Then standing in for thine mother,

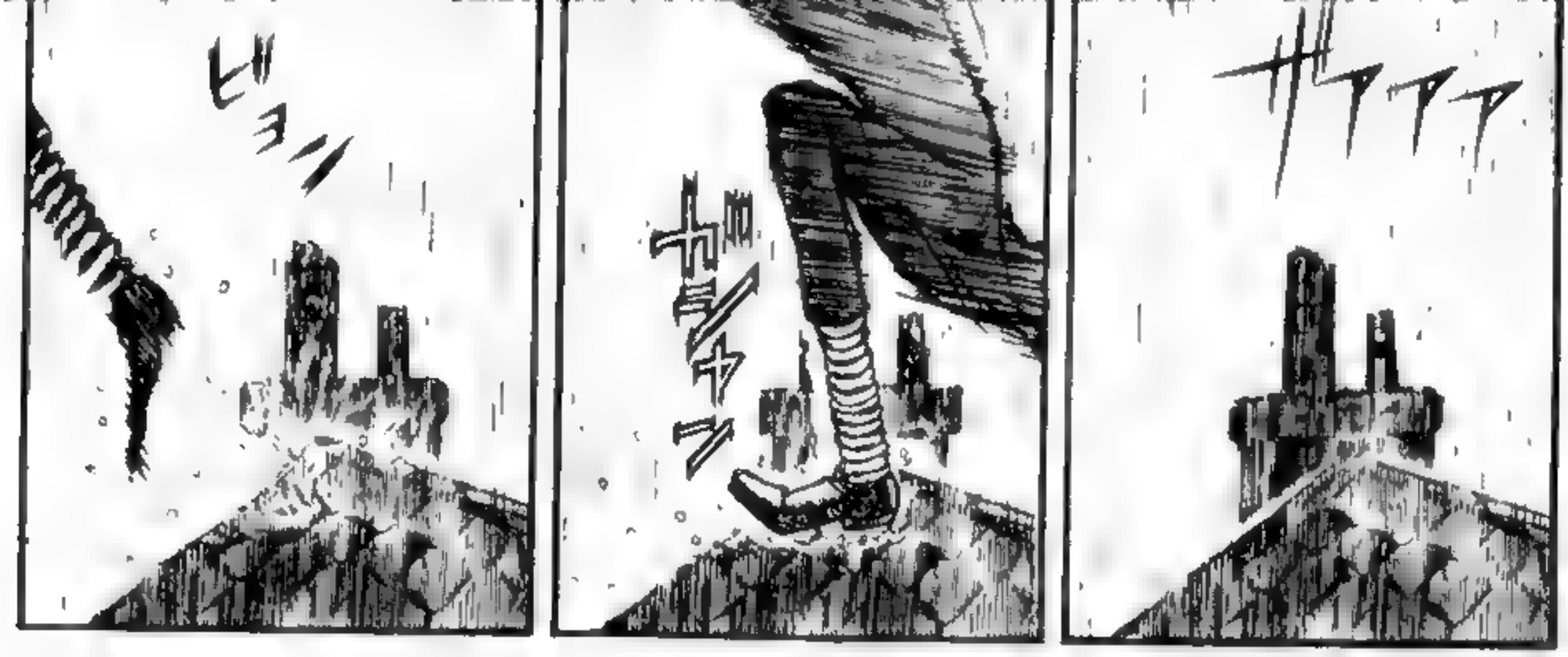
HHPPP

But...

What an arse I've been...

That slap,

Really did hurt...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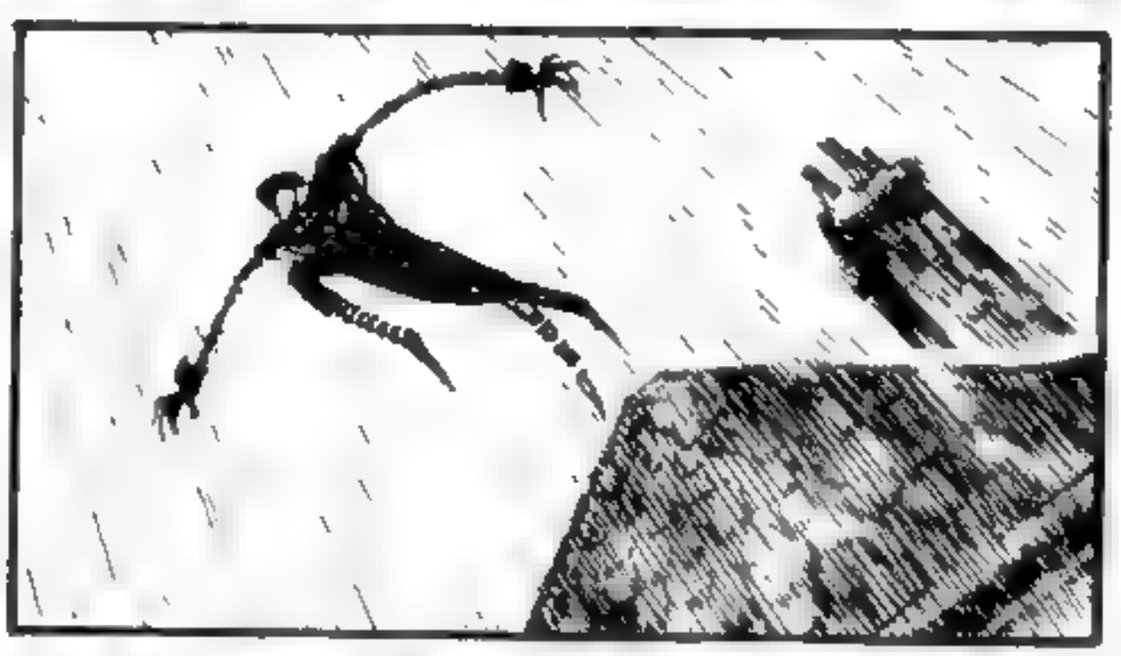
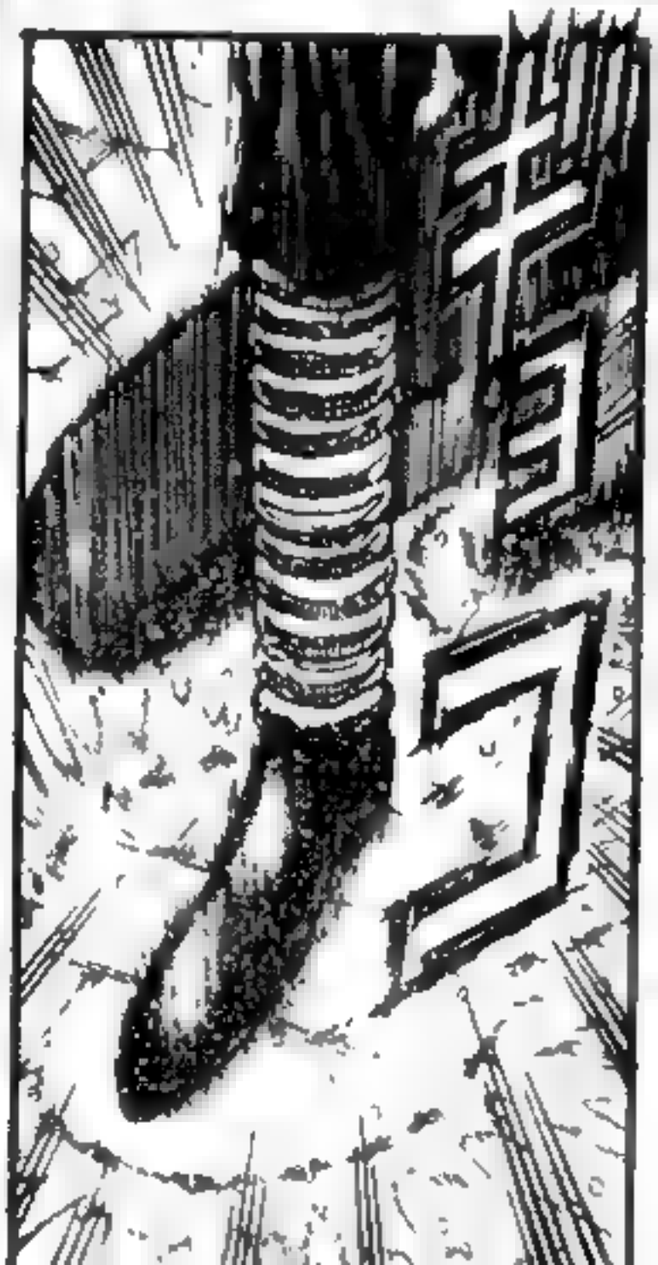




Haha...

I reckon I no longer need this mask...

Why do you don this madman's suit when you've enjoyed it just fine from behind the scenes up until now...?

Why have you killed those women and now aim for Margaret?

Francis Beaumont ...?

If Spring-Heeled Jack is dead,

Then what does that make you,

What in heavens is the Spring-Heeled Jack who died 3 years ago doing here?

Oh?

To save you from a dull, unsightly life, like a flower left to wither away by the roadside.

I do it all for your own sake, Walter!

And that I bore malice towards your parlour maid Margaret!

You've got a sharp mind. I knew you would figure out I was the new Jack,

What?

You've played into my hands from the moment you stepped foot in my study!

Mar-garet!

I had counted on all of this!

Which would thus bring you here before me now!

Step aside, Walter.

I will cut off the head of that bride who've dragged you down to the mud.

And so I will kill her before your eyes!

That wretched girl has disfigured you! Once a fluttering butterfly, unfettered by rules, you've had your wings broken and you're now a lowly worm, wriggling on the ground!

...What of the women you killed?

The Walter I so admired will be revived!

By doing so, you will regain your wings and soar across the skies as you once did.

Mere practice but perhaps I've over-stepped my bounds in the thrill of the moment.

Shut your trap, Francis.

The likes of us are barred from entering.

This is a holy place where only the pious and good may enter.

The Black Museum's Bulletin

黒博物館館報
閲覧の手引き

vol. 3

Jinka Katsuo

It was only the 9th year of service for the London Metropolitan Police when Spring-Heeled Jack made his debut, and as such, they were still inexperienced. Before the establishment of the Met, London had no official public law enforcement. Instead, law enforcement was carried out by parish constables, which was an unpaid position that was responsible for trying and punishing any criminals caught by townsmen. In addition, there were parish watchmen, who were unpaid and had no real jurisdiction.

In the 18th century, Henry Fielding, a Justice of the Peace, formed a more professional group to enforce the law. He recruited former thief-takers (private individuals paid by victims to capture criminals) and paid them with funds from the government. They showed considerable success and soon became trusted by the populace. Although their official title was "Principal Officer," they would be better known by the nickname,"Bow Street Runners." In addition to being the father of the modern-day English police, Henry Fielding was also a renowned writer famous for such works as, "Tom Jones" and "The Life and Death of Jonathan Wild, the Great."

Bobbies Peelers investigating an inn

At the beginning of the 19th century, Home Secretary Robert Peel reformed this system of Bow Street Runners by passing the Metropolitan Police Act of 1829 to create the first truly, modern police force. The police headquarters was a 4-story building constructed at 4 Whitehall Place. It came to be later known as Scotland Yard because the building had a rear entrance to a street called Great Scotland Yard, which was the area formerly used to accomodate diplomats and kings of Scotland.

The Met was now responsible for policing a city of 2 million people, yet it only had 7 divisions and 2800 officers in 1829. In short, there was only roughly 1 police officer for every 700 citizens. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Rowan and barrister Richard Mayne jointly served as the first Comissioner of Police of the Metropolis for 21 years.

The Black Museum's Bulletin vol. 3

At first, the Commissioners planned to divide London into 17 divisions, with each division policed by 165 officers, making for an approximate staff of 2800 officers in total. However, due to insufficient men and facilities, they resorted to dividing the city into a mere 6 divisions. It was in the year after that they managed to switch to 17 divisions as originally planned. From as far West as Kensington to as far East as Whitechapel, and from as far North as Hampstead to as far South as Southwark, the Met was responsible for London's various districts excluding the City.

Upon the Met's instatement, the ineffective "Charlies" (night watchmen carrying a torch and armed with a staff) were taken out of service and replaced by new police officers nicknamed "peelers" (after Robert Peel) or "bobbies." These officers were armed with a short baton and their uniforms consisted of a top hat, 7 gold-colour buttoned blue shirt, brass buckled-belt, and a pair of Wellington boots. As their reputation became established by making the night streets of London safe to walk again, their social status and pay accordingly increased.

However, none of the bobbies were prepared for the sudden arrival of Spring-Heeled Jack. Since the phantom showed up at different locations each time, increasing the number of officers to patrol a specific area would not work. Moreover, the Met was still very short on hands at the time. Thus, volunteers were recruited from each neighbourhood to form vigilante corps to specifically deal with this new menace. Also as depicted in this manga, one famous figure that took it upon himself to hunt down Spring-Heeled Jack is the Duke of Wellington, Sir Arthur Wellesley (1769-1852).

Artheur Wellesley was a hero of the Napoleonic wars, most famous for leading the British troops to victory over Napoleon Bonaparte in the Battle of Waterloo. Although Wellesley was in retirement during Spring-Heeled Jack's reign of terror, he was still quite vigorous for his age and helped patrol the night streets of London on his favourite horse every night. Although Wellesley did not think much of Spring-Heeled Jack, whom he figured was insignificant to the threat once posed by Napoleon, many guards were ordered to patrol by his side to protect their national living treasure.

Upon hearing Wellesley's involvement, Edward Codrington, a former British admiral and one of the heroes of the Battle of Trafalgar, put up a 100 pound bounty for the capture of Spring-Heeled Jack. The bounty was later increased to over 1000 pounds but it was all for naught as Spring-Heeled Jack was never caught.

YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU, INSPECTOR!? TELL ME THEN, OH PLEASE TELL ME!

C-calm down...

T-THEN WHAT HAPPENED!? WHAT WAS THE FATE OF THE BRIDE MARGARET!? WHAT RESULTED FROM THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE TWO SPRING-HEELED JACKS!?

I dare say there has never been such a bizzare and heated duel in all the years of our great British Empire!

It was a bewilder-ing battle.

Outside, under the terrible torrential downpour...

Inside, the people witnessed the Holy Matrimony between a man and a woman.

In that spring of 1814, on the out-skirts of London was a church.

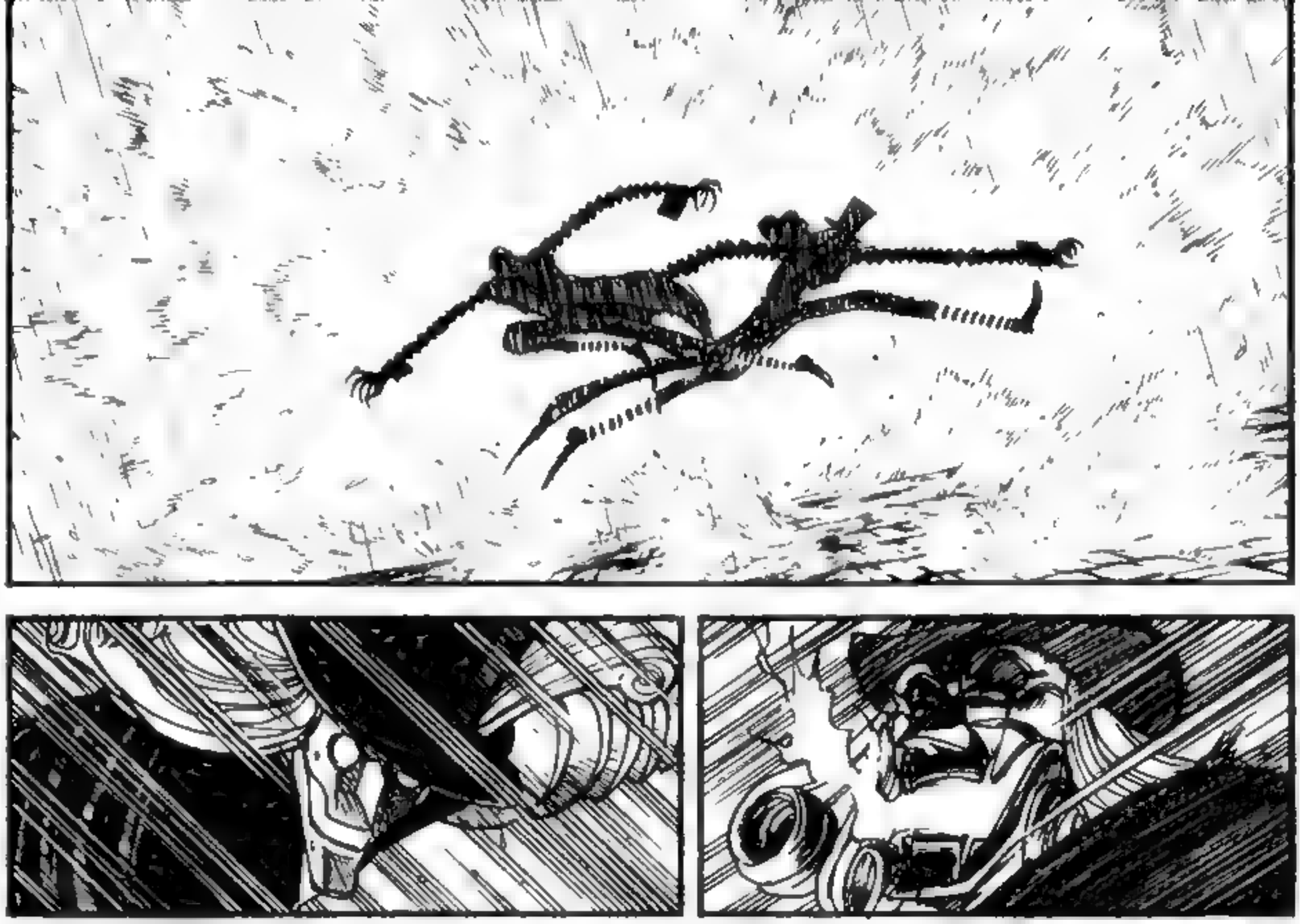
Chapter 5
The Battle of Spring-Heeled Jack

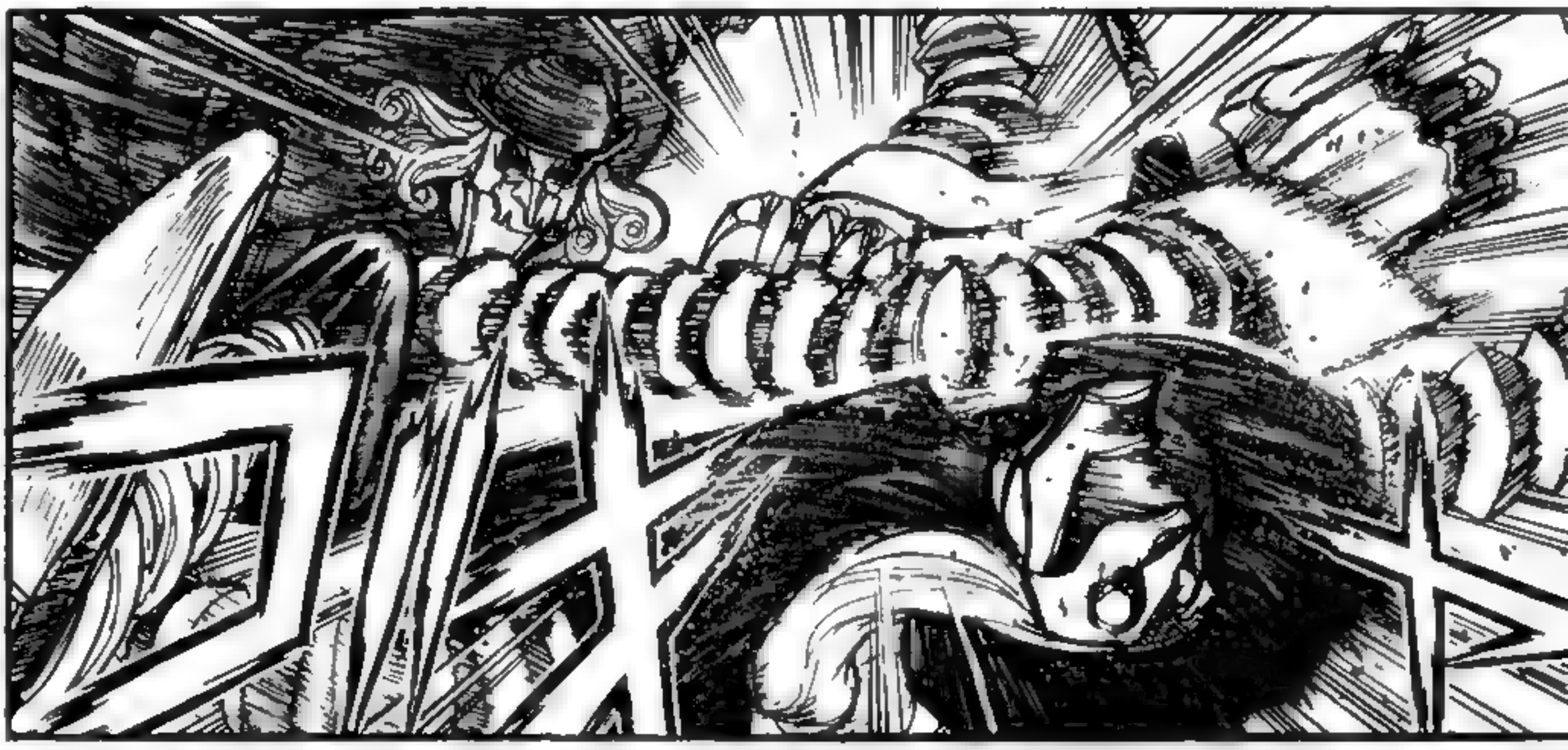
The final curtains drew on Spring-Heeled Jack.

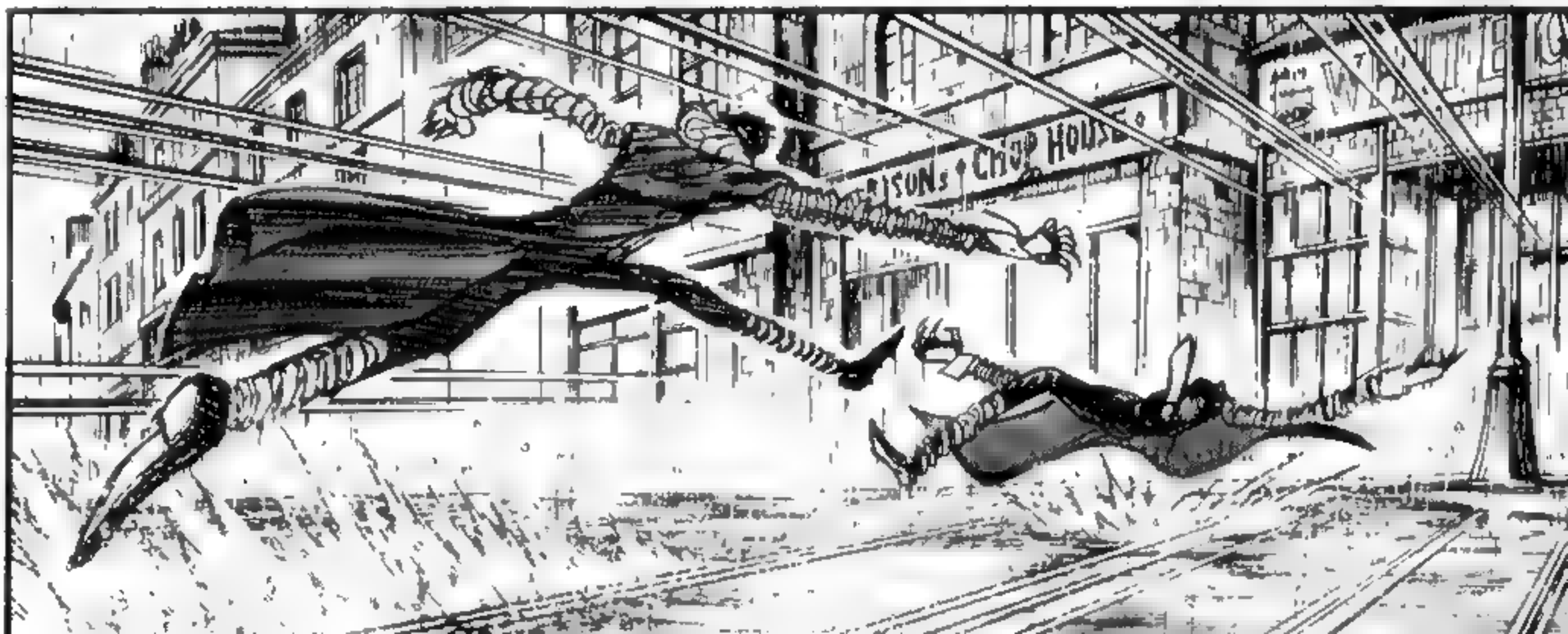
You're beyond mad, Francis...

I won't let you...

You're sure to be back to normal once that girl is disposed of, Walter.






RISON'S CHOP HOUSE

Bad choice, Walter!

Did you forget I'm the one who designed these spring-heels!? I've since made further modifications...

AHH-

When it comes to jumping, I can jump far higher than you!

You can't escape from me, Walter.

THEN THE ONE PLACE WHERE YOU CAN PROTECT MARGARET FROM HER ASSAILANT,

IF SO,

MUST BE HERE!

CURSE THAT CONCEITED NOBLE!

DAMN IT!

TRYING TO SETTLE THINGS ALL BY YOURSELF, ARE YOU!?

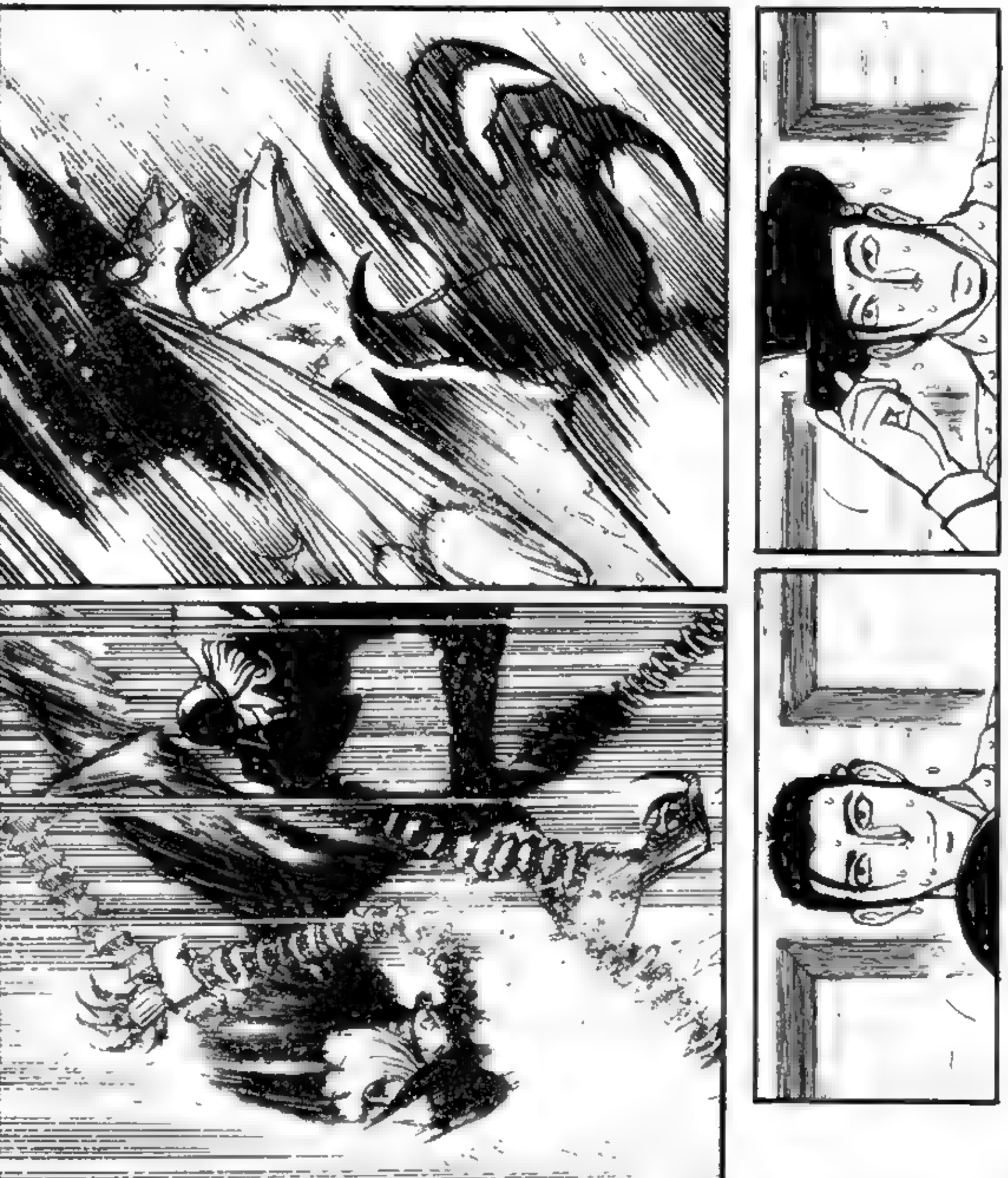
To love and to cherish,

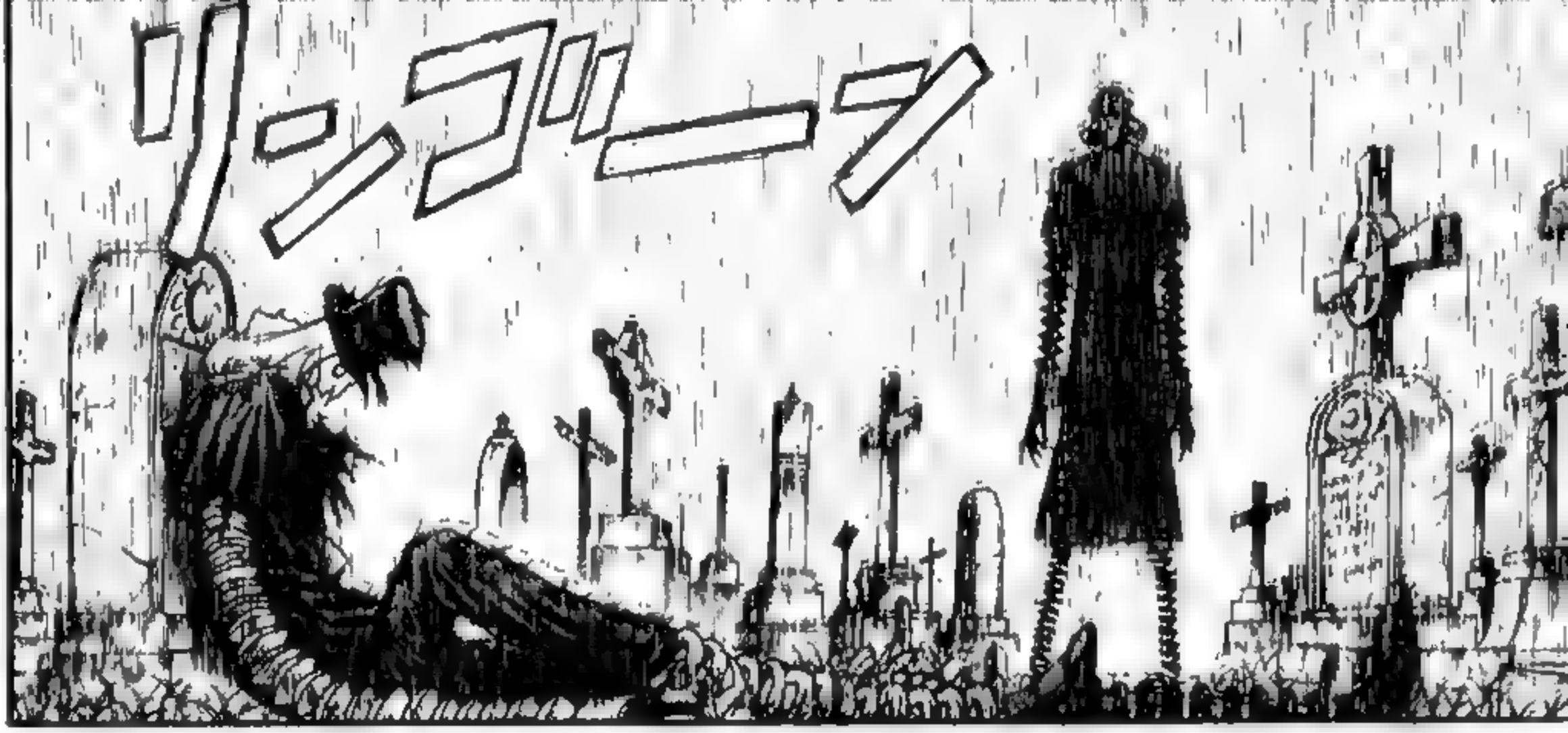
In sickness and in health,

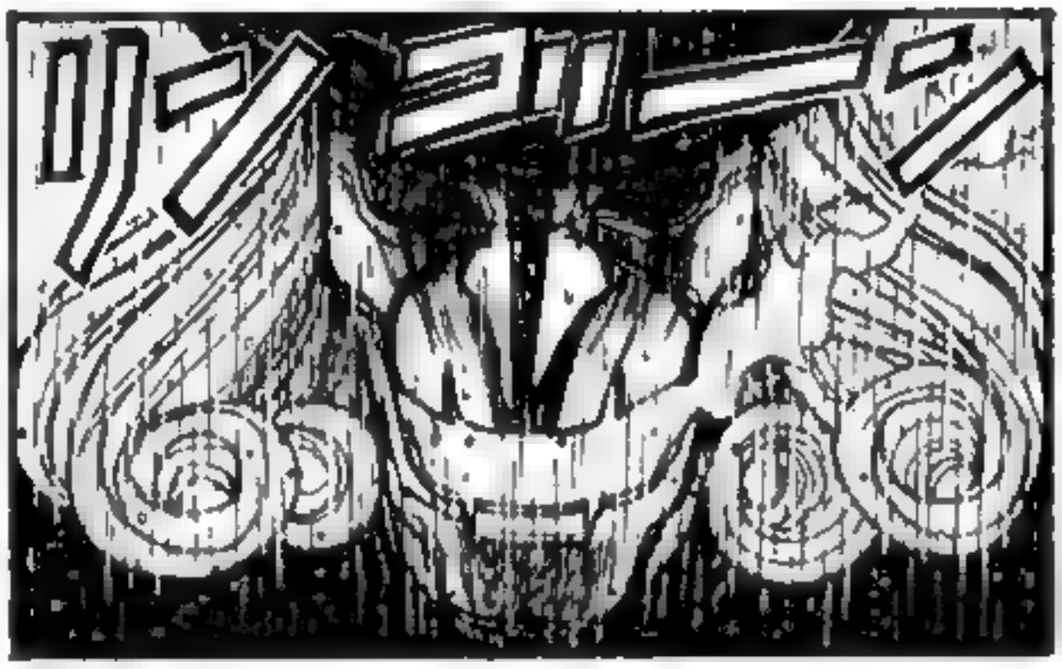
'Til death do you apart?

I do.

I do.


Then it is my pleasure,
To pronounce you husband and wife.





Despite the fact that you've always been the center of attention and affection...

How do you feel, Walter...?

How does it feel to be rejected, defeated, and drenched in blood, rain, and mud,

Master Streud...

Ah-

Err... A-ahem. What are you doing?

Yes.

ぱっ

ぱっ

I believe your name was... Margaret?

.....

Yes, these flowers are called Margaret.

They have the same name as I do.

Flowers? You mean those little things you've got there?

I received permission from the head gardener Mr. Smith to plant some flowers here.

ぱんぱん

Oh heavens no.

Hmph, is that a comment on the gaudiness of nobles?

This is such a grand garden you have...

Just have the gardener plant the flowers for you then.

So you see, I was ever so excited when I saw your garden...

Back when I lived in an orphanage, it was a dream of mine to see such a large garden full of flowers.

Why is that?

"When planting flowers, one must be alone."

N-no, that's not what I meant to-

O-oh, I do apologize. I promise I'll quickly return to my regular maid duties right after this.

My mother used to tell me when she was still alive...

You know,

"The fortitude to bear pain and loneliness is requisite to bloom a truly beautiful flower."

Though to be frank, I don't think I quite understood what she meant...

No, she was an ordinary mother.

A poet, was she? I never understood that type...

ｻｻｻ

How does it feel to slump down in the mud,

As the woman you love marries another man?

Well, Walter? How do you feel...?

You think Lord Walter Streid,

Could possibly lose his heart to a daughter of a poor priest...?

Whom do you take me for...?

Love...?

It seems my plan to revive your untamed vigour by aiming for that woman has borne fruit!

Splendid! Splendid! At last, the Walter I so admired is returning!

Even Scotland Yard will be no match for us. Those incompetents are pitifully weak...

Let us reign terror upon Londoners as the dreadful pair of Spring-Heeled Jacks.

Come, Walter. Let us rampage together.

Walter

Join me,

With these spring-heels, there is no one who can stop us...

When planting flowers...

!?

One must be alone.

But allow me to teach you, Francis Beaumont...

What you wish to plant is the rotten flower of a killer.

What?

It is not possible for you to become me.

THEN DIE, WALTER!

WALTER!

……!!

M-miss Curator, you're too close!

Yes, yes, I'll get to it so please just calm down... Ahem. It's now time,

W-W-WHAT HAPPENED TO WALTER AFTER BEING BEATEN BY THE FAKE SPRING-HEELED JACK!?

WALTER!

For the final chapter in the case of Spring-Heeled Jack...

Chapter 6
The Departure of Spring-Heeled Jack

Kukuku... I'm afraid I cannot comply...

LET WALTER GO AT ONCE!

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KILLED THOSE WOMEN, AREN'T YOU!?

Ah, and here comes the express from Birmingham to London to assist me in that task...

Such creatures are better off dead.

Walter's been reduced to a butterfly which can fly no longer.

Do you remember, Walter? The time you arranged for one locomotive to collide head on to another?

Today will be your turn.

WHA...

I am Francis Beaumont no longer! From today forth, I am Walter Streid!

S-STOP IT, BEAUMONT!

YES.

Did you. See the wedding ceremony?

Ins. pector .

AN ABSOLUTE ANGEL.

As beautiful as ever...?

Was Margaret...

Did she...

Look happy...?

HAPPIER THAN ANYONE ELSE ON EARTH.

Worry not, Walter! I shall soon have that maid accompany you to where you're going!

Is that so...

WALTER!

T-THAT NUTTER!

GAH!

LET GOOO!

TRYING TO DRAG ME DOWN, ARE YOU!?

T-THE BRAKES!

LLLLET...

WHY!? WHY WOULD YOU OF ALL PEOPLE GO TO SUCH LENGTHS ALL FOR A SINGLE WOMAN!?

MEEEE

GOOOO!

AGHHH!

CAUGHT YOU AT LAST.

THE SPRING-HEELED JACK FROM 3 YEARS AGO!

7°ミル 77

SHUT UP, YOU PRAT...

You brutish excuse for a police officer...

You never let anything go, do you...

W we must have run over a monster!

W-what is this?

ゴ"ロロ

Hou perfect for the bride and groom about to step out as newly-weds!

What a clear and sunny day!

Look, the rain's stopped!

Go on then. Take your first step outside into the world as husband and wife.

わあわあ

わあわあ

I suppose there's no real reason for Lord Streid to come all the way to give his blessing to one of his maids.

Well, the bride was but a mere maid, after all.

Just another one of his whims, I bet.

I say, Lord Streid never even showed up, did he?

わあわあ ぱち ぱち ぱち

わおおお

This costume is reinforced u ith steel plates for the limbs and abdomen... I'll be fine.

DO YOU HAVE ANY SERIOUS INJURIES?

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おおおお

おおお

ヒュウ　ウ　ゥ

Of course not...

ON SUCH A HAPPY OCCASION WHEN THE WEDDING BELLS TOLL?

ARE YOU CRYING, WALTER,

Merely thinking of the next antic I'll amuse myself with...

I'm...

A game without any troublesome women would be best...

I believe,

Whew.

So that leg alone should be the only evidence left for the case of Spring Heeled Jack.

The rest of Beaumont's body was torn to pieces...

Yes.

To think that's what happened... So that is how this leg came to be found there in the cemetary.

Oh not at all. I enjoyed your story very much.

Ah, I see. My apologies for taking so much of your time.

It's almost time for the Black Museum to close, Inspector Rockenfield.

My, would you look at the time?

パチ

Whatever became of him?

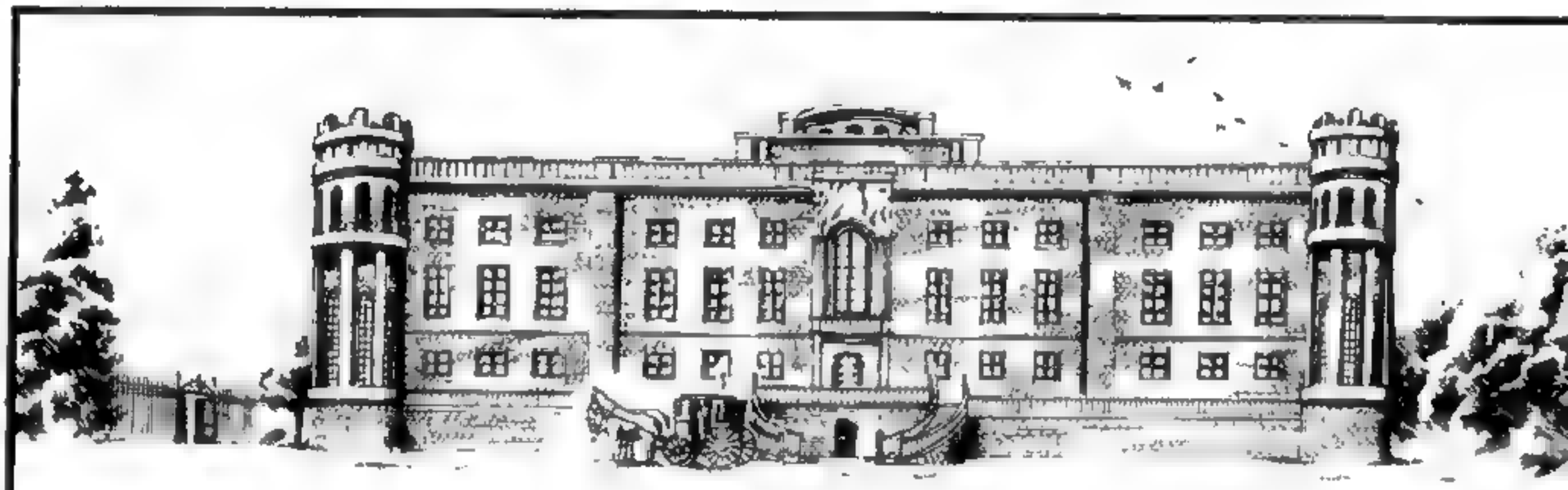
...But about the real Spring-Heeled Jack, Lord Streid.

I'm sure... He's still ashamed of his former escapades...

Who knows...

ヒュオ

ガチャ
Fufu... Such a fanciful thought...
Hm?



What is the name of these beautiful flowers?

I've decided to return to Ireland for the moment, so I will hand over my mansion in England to you. Feel free to do as you wish with it.

To my dear friend, Henry Shellby.

Send my best regards to your wife as well.

Sincerely,
Walter de la Poer Streid

Take a guess,

Dear...

Oh?

Oh?

Spring-heeled Jack never existed.
Farewell.

Fufu.

Good-night,

Springald.

ドイツ

T-T
Springald

T-T-T
Springald

BLACK MUSEUM
THE END

The Black Museum's Bulletin

黒博物館館報
閲覧の手引き

vol. 4

Jinka Katsuo

The Marquess Walter de la Poer Streid of this manga is actually based on the real life historical figure, the 3rd Marquess of Waterford, Henry de la Poer Beresford.

He was born in 1811, making him a 26-year old bachelor living at a villa in London when Spring-Heeled Jack made his first appearance in 1837. He was the second son of his father (with whom he shared his name), a wealthy nobleman who owned vast tracts of land in Ireland and England. Raised in an environment without the slightest discomfort, Henry grew up to be a selfish and unruly child.

Black haired with large, round eyes, he was nicknamed "Pop-eyes" by his peers, though none would dare call him that to his face. He was built large and had a reputation for being a quick-tempered hooligan. During his school-years at Eton in Windsor, he and his delinquent friends were once disciplined for peeing onto their teachers from the rooftop. Another such incident was while at Oxford University, he destroyed the house of the ringleader who organized a gang that had roughed him up during one evening.

His physical prowess was put to good use in sports, as he was selected the best rower in his eight-crew rowing team at Oxford. Being a handsome man who freely spent money, he was also quite popular with the ladies. This aristocratic hooligan, to whom brawls and visits to the police were everyday occurrences, was one of the police's prime suspects when people began to suspect if Spring-Heeled Jack might not be some debauched nobleman in disguise.

Nevertheless, Henry paid no mind to the rumours and continued his rowdy ways.

Portrait of Marquess of Waterford (drawn in 1837), the most likely candidate of Spring-Heeled Jack

One of his companions, in his later years, stated, "The young Henry was a regular to gambling dens and brothels, who spent his days getting drunk and playing vulgar jokes with his hooligan friends and prostitutes. At times, he would bring a large blood-hound to a church and threaten priests with it, while at other times, he would put a donkey to sleep on a bed at an inn to scare guests. Once, after losing a great deal sum of money in a gamble, he smashed an expensive French clock with his fist in anger. On one special occasion, he paid an enormous sum of money to a railroad company to have two steam locomotives collide head on to each other just out of curiosity."

He was also a skilled boxer with a powerful fist, and he would go out into the town looking for fights to relieve his stress whenever he was in a bad mood. There were times when his opponent had proven to be far more than he could handle, and his companions had to carry him back to his house and call the doctor. In addition, he was known for his equestrian skills, and he apparently liked to jump across rooftops of buildings while riding his horse.

Having said all that, it should come as no surprise that he and his wild deeds were often the subject of the papers. However, it was not always bad news. In June 21, 1838, The Times reported that the Marquess of Waterford, while travelling in Ireland, saw a splendid horse that ran faster than the horse he was on. Immediately, he talked with the farmer who owned the horse to buy it off for a high price. However, just then, the horse went berserk and hurt the owner. The marquess then quickly calmed down the horse with his own brute strength, carried the injured farmer to a hospital, paid for his treatment, and then returned his horse.

During the time Spring-Heeled Jack was making frequent appearances, the ordinarily robust marquess was purportedly ill and did not meet anyone for a while. His friends suspected he was faking illness and pondered whether he was going around disguised as Spring-Heeled Jack for his latest prank. During one incident at Ashworth, Spring Heeled Jack had been seen wearing a cloak with an embroidered coat of arms and a "W," which may have possibly stood for Waterford. Henry also did have some mechanical engineers as friends and it's not unreasonable to think that he really did arrange for the invention of a spring heeled contraption as this manga depicted.

Whatever the truth was, after his marriage at 31 years of age, Henry abruptly ceased his rowdy ways. And in March of 1859, while out fox hunting, he fell from his horse when it failed to clear a fence, which broke his neck and killed him instantly. He was 48 years old at the time of his death. A rather anti climactic end for the supposed identity behind Spring Heeled Jack.

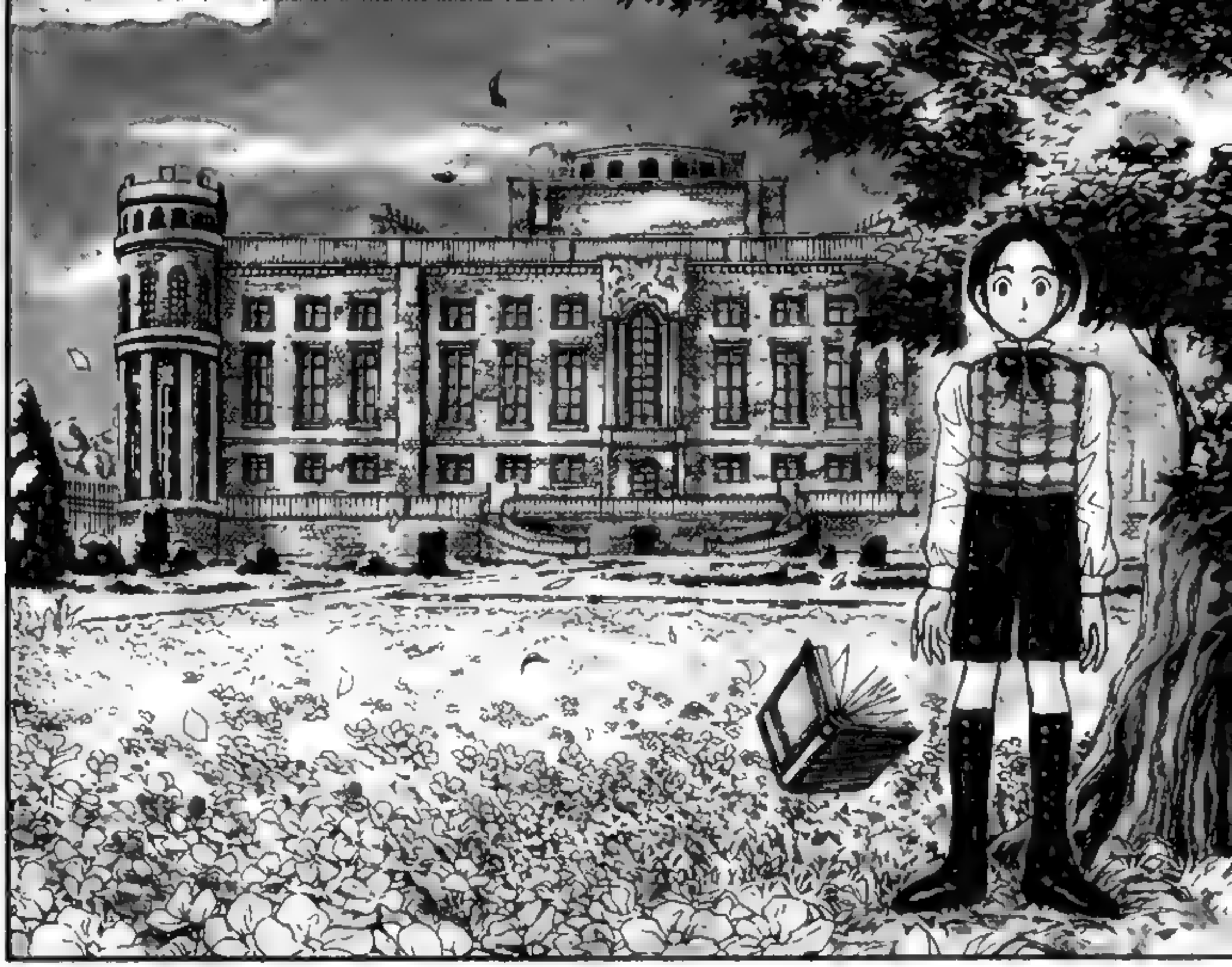
黒博物館 The Black Museum

スプリンガルド Springald Side Story

Mother Goose

Part 1

What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice
And everything nice,
That's what little girls are made of.
What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails
And puppy-dogs' tails,
That's what little boys are made of.



I CAME FROM OUTSIDE BY CLIMBING OVER THE GATES.

AND WHEN ASKING FOR ANOTHER'S NAME, ONE MUST NAME ONE'S OWN FIRST!

Where did you come from?

Whom might you be?

HM,

I SEE.

スタ

スタ

スタ

M-my name is Arthur Shellby. I live here...

Err... W-wait...!

I'VE GOT BUSINESS WITH SOMETHING IN YOUR HOUSE SO BE MY GUIDE!

I'M JULIET.

Err... Where are you going?

WHAT!?

YOU'RE THE SON OF THIS HOUSEHOLD AND YET YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW OF A SECRET ENTRANCE INSIDE!?

JOKING!

YOU'VE... GOT... TO BE...

I... I wouldn't do such a thing!

THEN WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU WANT TO SECRETLY GO PLAY OUTSIDE WITHOUT THE ADULTS KNOWING!?

Well... If you want to go inside, that's what the front doors are for...

EVEN A CHILD ON THE STREETS KNOWS A SECRET PATH OR TWO!

JOKING!

YOU'VE... GOT... TO BE...

Just now-

Hello, Mr. Smith.

Ah-

Good day, young master.

ﾌﾞﾙﾙﾙﾙﾙﾙ

I just spotted a thrush bird's nest, that's all.

...O-oh, it's nothing, really.

What is it?

It really was. But for the lady of the house to bake a cake with her own two hands for mere servants such as myself. It really is unimaginable.

Right, that was quite scrumptious!

She baked a seed cake in the shape of a bird just the other day.

Thrushes? Well that's bound to make your mother happy.

Haha!

Mother told me she too worked here as a maid long ago... That's why she always tells me to be compassionate towards the servants as well.

YOU GIT! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA IN GETTING SO CHUMMY WITH A SERVANT?

Take care.

This is no good. I cannot let myself become spoiled on the kindness of mistress and the young master. I must return to work now.

Err...

THE BOUNDARIES OF CLASSES MUST BE KEPT AT ALL TIMES!

OTHERWISE, THE WHOLE SOCIAL ORDER WOULD COME TUMBLING DOWN!

WHY, I'VE NEVER...! JUST SHUT UP AND HELP ME GET INSIDE!

...Yes?

WHAT, YOU THINK I'M SOME POOR PEDDLER OFF THE STREETS!?

And exactly what class are you from?

ピョー

GET OVER HERE AND PUSH ME UP!

Then you aren't...?

ヒョイ

WE'RE DEFI-NITELY GOING TO BE FOUND OUT...

OH, SHOOT! KEEP QUIET! SSHH!

DON'T YOU EVEN KNOW HOW TO TREAT A LADY!?

KYAAAA! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TOUCHING!

What? Me too?

YOUR TURN.

My father's just a simple lawyer.

WHAT? BUT YOU LIVE HERE IN SUCH A BIG MANSION!

THERE AREN'T AS MANY SERVANTS INSIDE AS I EXPECTED.

Well, our family doesn't have enough money to hire so many servants

……

I've never been up there myself because it is rather scary..

Right

SO THE ATTIC IS...

U-UP THESE STAIRS ...

Y you're not scared as well, are you. ?

A alright, but just what are you looking for upstairs. ?

YOU BLOODY GIT!

OF COURSE NOT! AND DON'T YOU KNOW A MAN SHOULD FIRST LEAD THE WAY IN TIMES LIKE THIS,

DEFINITELY GET BACK AT HIM...

I'LL...

...SOMETHING TO MAKE ME STRONG.

....

IT BELONGS TO MY UNCLE.

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING UP HERE I NEED NO MATTER WHAT.

LOOK, I KNOW I'M BEING A LITTLE PUSHY,

SAY SOME-THING.

Hm?

HEY...

What is it, exactly?

And is it yours...?

A secret?

I CAN'T SAY! IT'S A STRICT SECRET BETEEN MY UNCLE AND MYSELF!

U-why, what's wrong?

And u ho's this uncle of y-

A REAL MAN SHOULD BE STRONG, WILD, AND COOL LIKE MY UNCLE...

I HATE BOYS LIKE YOU.

You're really saying that to ME!?

YES, IT'S A SECRET, AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO TELL IT TO SOME TIMID, UNDEPEND-ABLE GIT WHO EVEN GETS ROPED INTO FOLLOWING THE ORDERS OF SOMEONE HE'S ONLY MET FOR THE FIRST TIME!

かちこ

W-where's your proof...?

LET ME GUESS, YOU GET BULLIED AT GRAMMAR SCHOOL, DON'T YOU?

Professor Charles Darwin is a great naturalist!

I BET YOU'RE THE BOOKWORM-TYPE WHO GOES AROUND BELIEV-ING THAT RUBBISH ABOUT GORILLAS BEING OUR RELATIVES.

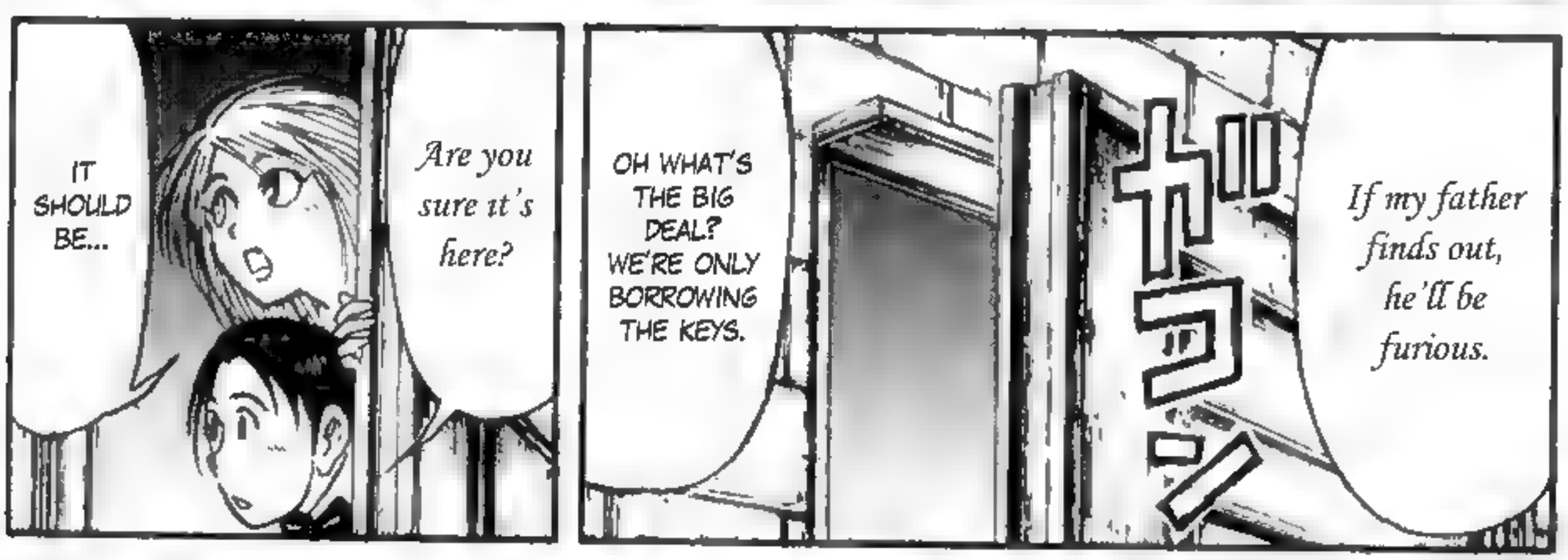
WHAT'D YOU SAY!?

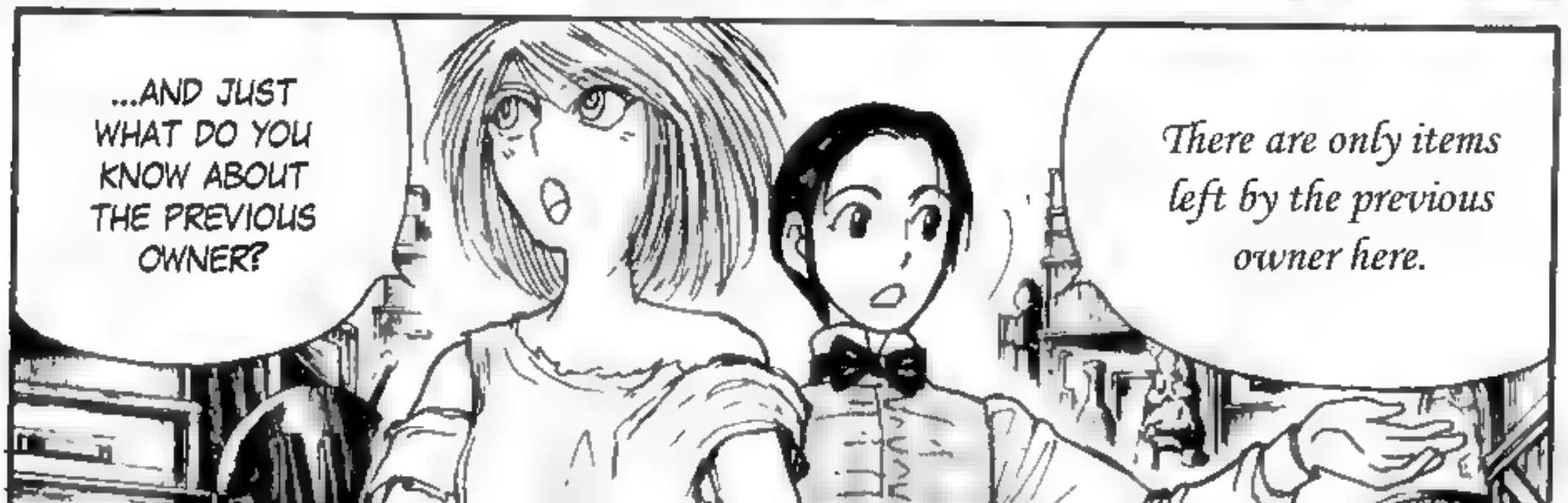
Well, it's not like I care if you fancy me or not.

JUST LIKE I THOUGHT. I HATE SISSY SALLYS LIKE YOU.

It's only because Paul Simmons basically forced all the other kids to...

HAND ME THE KEYS.
THE 3RD ROOM FROM THE STAIRS SO... IT MUST BE THIS.


IT SHOULD BE...
Are you sure it's here?
OH WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? WE'RE ONLY BORROWING THE KEYS.
If my father finds out, he'll be furious.


...AND JUST WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE PREVIOUS OWNER?
There are only items left by the previous owner here.

ガラ ガラ

HMPH.

Not much, really.

Mother did say he was a very kind person, however...

!

A suitcase, hmm...

A SUIT-CASE.

What're you searching for?

WHA?

AGHHH!

ドサッ

Watch out!

PERHAPS THIS IS THE ONE...

ゆっさ

ゆっさ

Is the suitcase you're looking for...

ARE YOU ALRIGHT!?

A-

Ugh

OWW...

YES, THIS IS THE ONE!

This one...?

AGHH!

W-what is this!?

THIS SUITCASE AND ITS CONTENTS BELONG TO MY UNCLE, WALTER DE LA POER STREID.

OH, I MIGHT AS WELL AS TELL YOU NOW.

And what name was that?

YES... BUT WHILE HE LIVED HERE IN LONDON, HE ALSO HAD ANOTHER NAME.

You mean... The previous owner of this mansion and my mother's former master?

"SPRING-HEELED JACK."

IT'S NOT A JOKE. BACK WHEN HE LIVED HERE 10 YEARS AGO,

MY UNCLE TERRIFIED LONDONERS AS THE MYSTERIOUS BEAST OF DARKNESS.

Y-you're joking, right...?

Get to sleep, Or to you he'll creep!

Please stop. That song gives me the shivers.

Jack, Jack, the Spring-Heeled Jack!

I wasn't yet born back then but I do know of the song that people sing about him.

Second to bed, And Jack will ignore your head.

Please stop...

First child to hit the sack, Gets a golden rabbit from Jack!

I told you, I'm no good with that song...!

Limb from limb you'll be shred!

Jack's claws will turn you blood-red,

But last one to bed...

Thrash!

If not, Slash!

Are you fast asleep?

Leap! Leap!

HIS REAL IDENTITY WAS MY UNCLE WALTER.

He'll eat you up in a flash!

GO BRING SOME OF YOUR CLOTHES I CAN WEAR.

GOOD... I SHOULD CHANGE NOW.

.....

I WANT TO GET CHANGED IMMEDI-ATELY...

CURSE THESE FILTHY THREADS HE PUT ME IN...

Don't you think it's about time you stopped-

...Alright then.

N-no, I...

ARE YOU TELLING A LADY TO GO OVER TO THAT MONSTER'S HOUSE WEARING THIS!?

Take it or leave it...

HM... I WASN'T EXPECTING A FANCY DRESS OR ANYTHING BUT THESE CLOTHES ARE DREADFUL.

I DON'T PEEK!

JUST DON'T PEEK WHILE I GET CHANGED!

Agh-

So you're the niece of the previous owner of my home, Lord Streid?

Your name was... Juliet, right?

THERE'S HARDLY ANY PLACE TO GET CHANGED HERE!

THAT'S RIGHT. MY MOTHER IS BEATRICE DE LA POER STREID, YOUNGER SISTER OF LORD STREID.

AND MY FATHER IS MARQUESS OSCAR PEABODY.

Marquess ...

HMM, THIS PETTICOAT IS GETTING IN THE WAY OF THESE TROUSERS.

T-THEN YOU'RE THE DAUGHTER OF A MARQUESS!?

DEATH

THAT'S RIGHT! HAVE YOU A PROBLEM WITH THAT!?

NAA, MILADY...

KYAAA!

And who's this person you want to take revenge on, milady?

Well, what's the daughter of a marquess doing here in those worn-out clothes?

I'll never forgive that scum!

Professor William Holm... An avid photographer, he calls himself...

Mother Goose

Part 1 — End

黒博物館 The Black Museum

スプリンガルド Springald Side Story

Mother Goose

Part 2

I ASSUME A BOY LIKE YOU WOULD KNOW ALL ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY, CORRECT?

THE BOOKWORM PROVES HIS WORTH! IN ANY CASE, THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF PRETENTIOUS PRATS GOING AROUND CALLING THEMSELVES PHOTOGRAPHERS THESE DAYS.

As of late, almost everyone has switched over to the new collodion plates...

Yes, a sliding box with a lens is fitted with a glass coated in a special sensitizer solution, to which sunlight can imprint images of people and objects.

Why? Is that some sort of fashion?

THEY HAVE LITTLE GIRLS PUT ON POOR, WORN-OUT RAGS,

AND POSE IN FRONT OF THEIR CAMERAS.

FOR PERMISSION TO CAPTURE ME "ARTISTICALLY."

THE ONE WHO TOOK PHOTOS OF ME ALSO CAME TO FORMALLY ASK MY PARENTS,

SINCE I NEVER HAD ANY INTEREST IN PHOTO-GRAPHS,

I WAS AGAINST IT FROM THE START,

I HAVE TO ADMIT, IT WAS RATHER FASCINATING AT FIRST,

AND SO THEY FORCED ME TO TRY IT ONCE, SAYING I DIDN'T HAVE TO CONTINUE IF I DIDN'T LIKE IT.

HE ALSO HAD SOLID CRE-DENTIALS AS AN ESTEEMED UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR.

BUT MY PARENTS HAVE A SOFTNESS FOR AESTHETICS AND ART.

BUT... IT WAS STRANGE ...

ASIDE FROM THE WHOLE SITTING STILL FOR TWO MINUTES...

I HAD ALREADY STRIPPED MYSELF BARE...

BEFORE I COULD REALIZE IT,

I OF COURSE DIDN'T STRIP DOWN BECAUSE I WANTED TO OR ANYTHING.

AND HIS AUSTRIAN-ACCENTED VOICE WHICH MADE MY BODY DO AS HE SAID...

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIS EYES,

AND THEY ALL LOOKED SO... EERILY VACANT. I HAD THE FEELING I WOULD TURN INTO ONE OF THEM IF I STAYED THERE ANY LONGER.

THERE WERE OTHER GIRLS WAITING TO HAVE THEIR PHOTO-GRAPHS TAKEN.

IN THE CAMERA STUDIO OF HIS ATTIC,

So the man milady wanted revenge on is...

BUT MY BODY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME...

I HATED IT AND WANTED TO LEAVE AT ONCE,

HE ALSO HAS A GANG OF RUFFIANS TO HELP HIM CARRY OUT HIS ART.

HE'S NOTHING BUT A RICH, DEGENER-ATE PERVERT.

YES, WILLIAM HOLM.

WHAT'S WITH ALL THIS MILADY TALK ALL OF A SUDDEN?

Degenerate pervert? A noble lady such as yourself should refrain from such words.

YOU CAN TAKE OFF THE BLIND-FOLD NOW.

BY THE WAY,

ガー

I, err... I was just thinking how well those boy's clothes suited on you but I do apologize, milady.

W-WHAT'S SO FUNNY!?

13°
.3.

Whereas I'm but a boy from a middle-class home.

Well... You are the daughter of a marquess, are you not?

WHY'RE YOU SUDDENLY ADDRESSING ME AS MILADY?

THERE YOU GO AGAIN!

YES, I... DID SAY THAT, BUT...

《DD

.....

Besides, was it not milady who previously stated that the boundaries of class must be kept at all times?

YOU DON'T NEED TO CHANGE NOW ALL OF A S-

ガタゴト

SIGH...

I SUPPOSE ...

So then, it would be unseemly of myself to address you so impertinently now that I am aware of your rank, would it not?

COME ALONG THEN!

I'M GOING TO PAY BACK THAT HEINOUS PROFESSOR HOLM FOR BRINGING SHAME UPON ME!

IN ANY CASE, YOU NOW UNDERSTAND MY CIRCUMSTANCES, DON'T YOU!?

HMPH!

Y-yes, milady...

YOU'RE TO CARRY THAT SUITCASE FOR ME!

I'M CERTAIN HE'S INSIDE THAT CAMERA STUDIO ON THE ROOFTOP,

EVEN AS WE SPEAK.

THERE, YOU CAN SEE IT FROM HERE.

Milady... Are you changing all the way out here...?

SPRING-HEELED JULIET WILL GIVE YOU THE THRASHING OF YOUR LIFE!

JUST YOU WAIT, HOLM.

I MUSTERED UP ALL MY COURAGE TO RUN FOR IT WHEN HOLM WASN'T LOOKING...

Would it not be better perhaps to get changed a little closer to his house...?

WAS A DEN FOR THE RUFFIANS HE KEEPS AS HIS PETS.

I SAW THAT THE ROW OF HOUSES IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE,

AND AS I RAN OUT,

OTHERWISE, A PERSON WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PASS THROUGH THAT STREET UNHARMED.

HIS MEN DIDN'T OPEN FIRE ON ME, BUT...

LUCKILY, BECAUSE HOLM CALLED OUT MY NAME AS HE CHASED AFTER ME,

カレン

YES.

Oh... So that's why milady came up with the idea of using these spring-heels to leap inside his house.

I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE STORIES MY UNCLE TOLD ME OF HIS TIME AS SPRING-HEELED JACK, YOU SEE.

MY UNCLE WAS EVER SO KIND TO ME.

MY FAMILY OFTEN WENT TO IRELAND TO VISIT MY UNCLE OVER THE HOLIDAYS.

STORIES OF THINGS HE'D SEEN AND HEARD DURING HIS TRAVELS AROUND THE WORLD...

HE WOULD TELL ME STORIES IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE.

AND WHEN THE REST OF MY FAMILY BUT I FELL ASLEEP,

MY LITTLE JULIET?

AND WHY IS THAT,

I WISH I WERE BORN AS A BOY.

YOU KNOW, UNCLE,

YES, UNCLE. I ABSOLUTELY ADORE RUNNING! I WISH I COULD RUN, RUN, AND EVEN FLY LIKE A BIRD.

PETTICOATS, TOO! THEY GET IN THE WAY AND SLOW YOU DOWN WHEN YOU RUN.

WELL, BOYS DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH CORSETS. I HATE THOSE TIGHT, STUFFY THINGS BUT I DON'T HAVE MUCH SAY IN THE MATTER.

YOU LOVE TO RUN, DON'T YOU, JULIET?

HE TOLD ME,

THAT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR HUMANS TO FLY...!

BUT... THAT JOHNBOY, THE SON OF LORD LIPPARS LAUGHED AT ME WHEN I TOLD HIM.

FLY LIKE A BIRD? YES, THAT IS A NICE THOUGHT.

YOU SEE, YOUR UNCLE FLEW A LONG TIME AGO.

HM?

NOT QUITE...

So that's how you knew this Spring-Heeled Jack suit was in the attic of my house...

NOD NOD

WHAT DO YOU MEAN...?

RIGHT...

BETWEEN JUST YOU AND YOUR UNCLE...

LET US KEEP THIS AS A STRICT SECRET.

HERE GOES...

MY UNCLE COULD HARDLY REMEMBER WHERE HE HID IT, AS HE DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE TOO MUCH ABOUT IT ANYMORE.

STILL, I DOUBT HE EXPECTED THAT I WOULD GO LOOKING FOR IT TO USE IT MYSELF.

Are you really going through with this, milady?

OF COURSE I AM! HOW ELSE AM I GOING TO PUNISH THAT LOW-LIFE!?

WHOA, I'M UP SO HIGH!

Agh-

WHOA-

LET ME JUST PUT ON THIS TOP HAT AND...

WELL THEN...

UNCLE WALTER TOLD ME IT WAS BROKEN ONCE AND HE HAD TO FIX IT...

The left leg seems rather stiff...

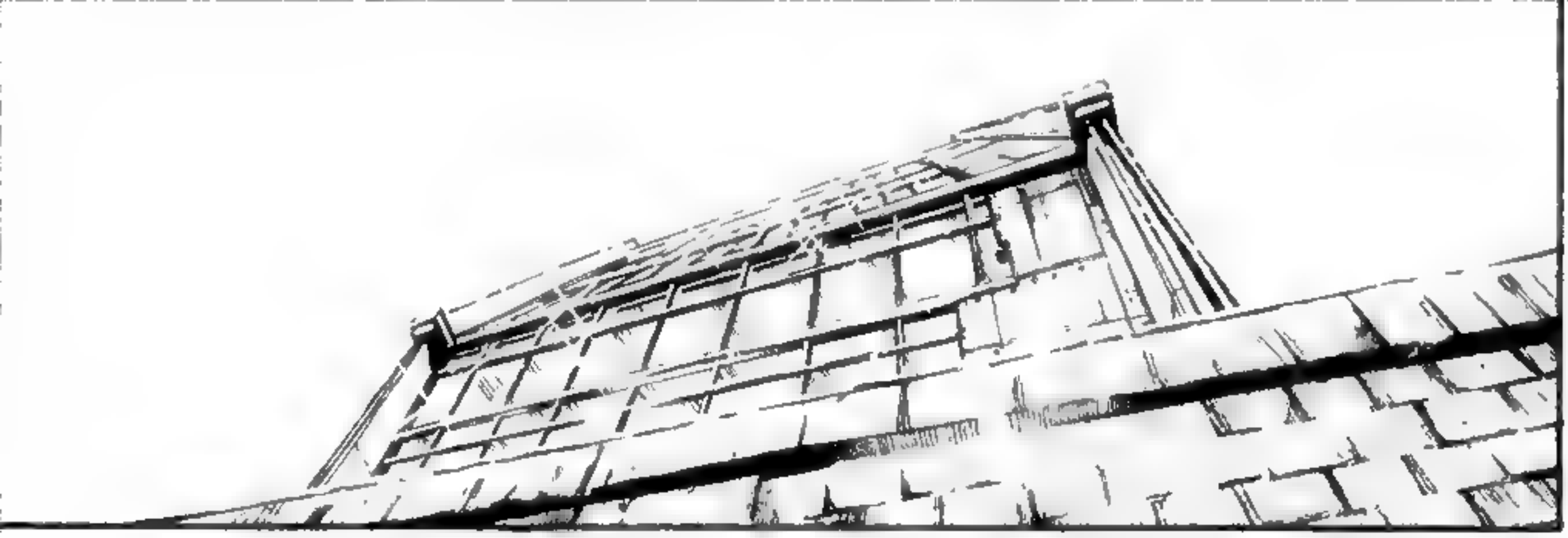
OF-

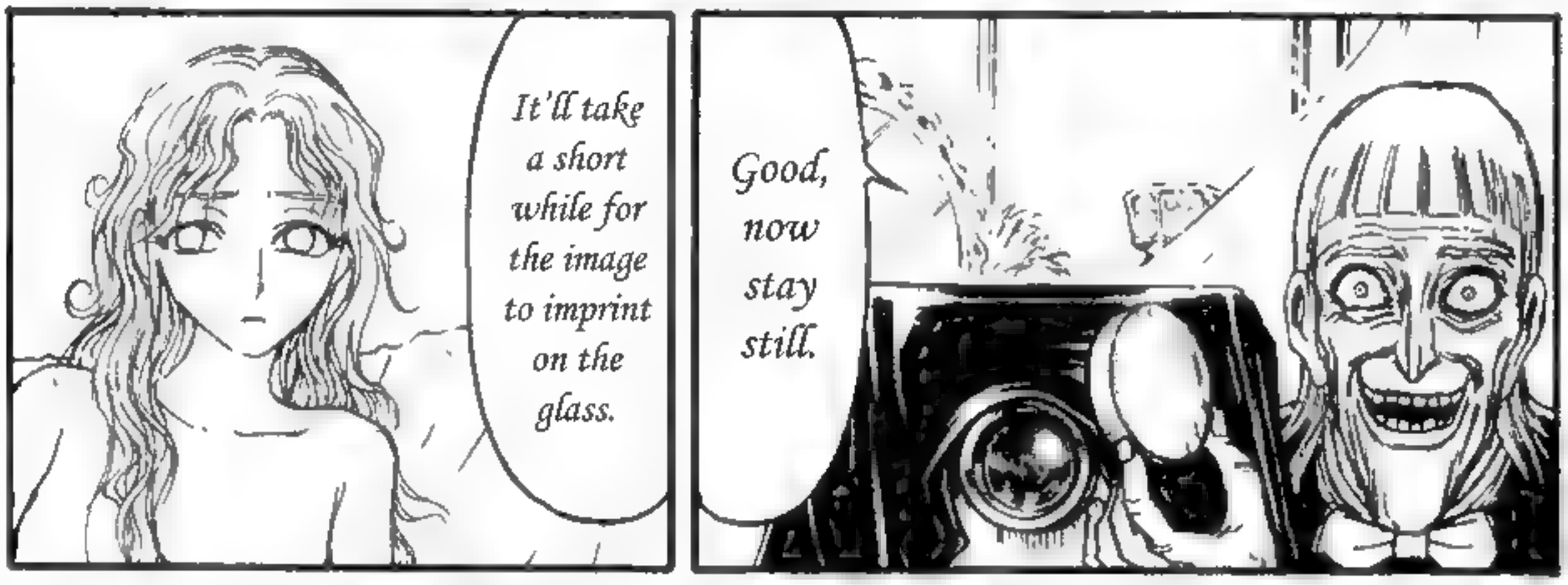
W-WAIT, ME TOO!?

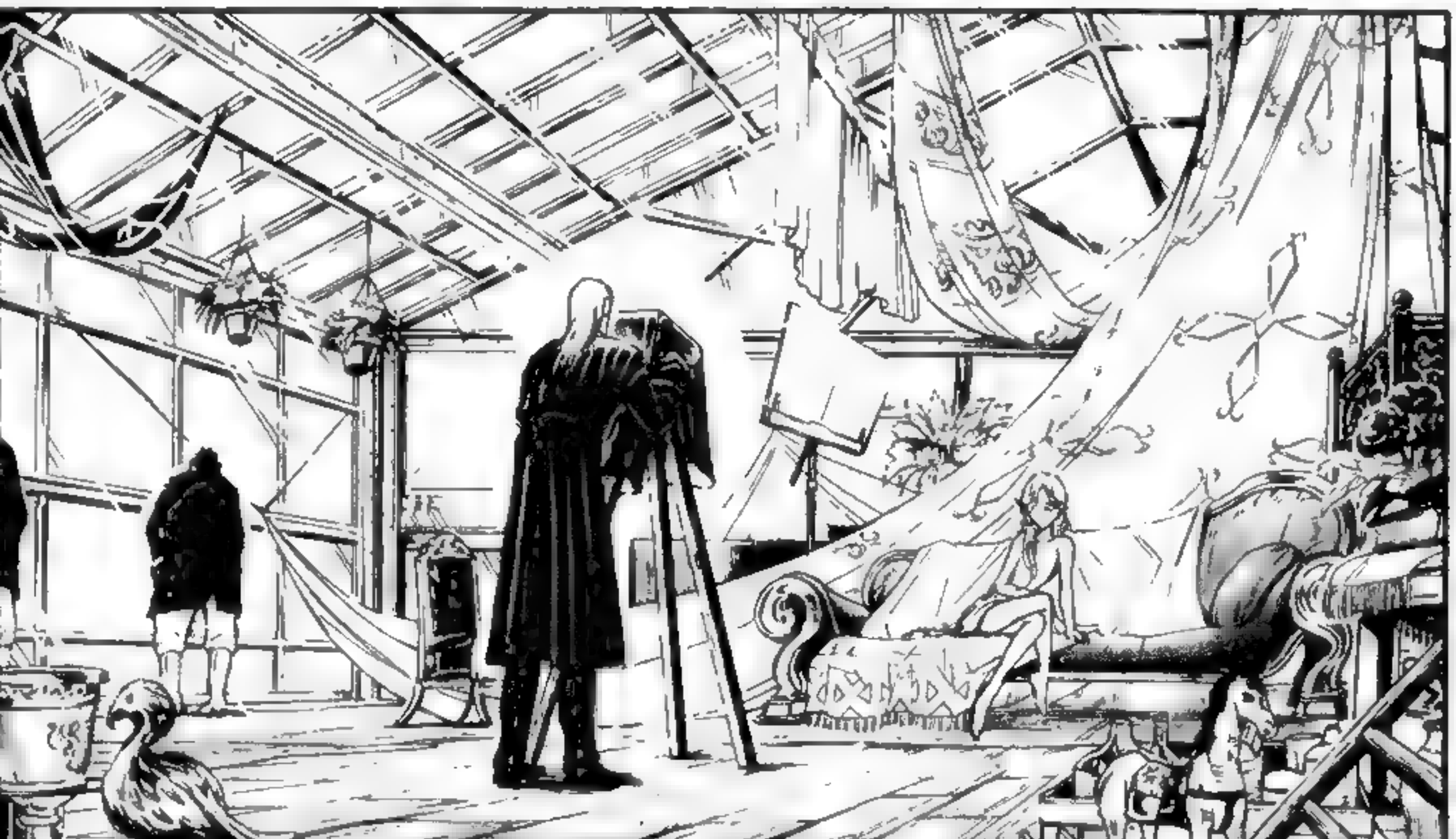
Oh...

THERE! WE'RE ALL SET TO GO, ARTHUR!

COURSE YOU'RE COMING ALONG!




It'll take a short while for the image to imprint on the glass.
Good, now stay still.



WOT'S THAT?
HM?
!

ビョオオン

ピョーン

MASTER!

SEEMS TO BE COMIN' THIS WAY...

IS THAT A... HUMAN?

AHAHAHA!

GAHHH!

EEEEK!

HAH!

AHHHHH!

WHOA-

I'M FLYING, I'M FLYING!

LET'S GO!

L-LOOK AHEAD!

OH PIPE DOWN.

I-IT'S A MONSTER!

W-u hat business do you have with my hallowed grounds for the arts. ?

W-who are you. ?

Y... YOU'VE DEFILED THESE GIRLS HERE WITH YOUR CAMERA LENS...

DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PHOTOGRAPH US AGAIN ONCE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

SHE'S... TREM-BLING!?

Did you not say you would teach him a lesson?

What's wrong, milady?

WHISPER WHISPER

は？

Haha...

You say...?

Photograph "us,"

!?

A-ARE YOU DAFT!? IF YOU SAY THAT...

Behind that mask must be one of my fair, little models...

Come then... Waste no more time and strip your clothes again.

What's wrong with you, milady!?

Mother Goose

Part 2

End

黒博物館 The Black Museum

スプリンガルド Springald Side Story

Mother Goose

Part 2

Off to visit the Professor, What will happen next...?
Leap, leap, off goes Spring-Heeled Jack, With a girl inside and a boy on its back!

Behind that cold, frightful exterior is one of my pure maidens, am I wrong?

Shall I guess your identity?

Juliet!

Just strip dou n to your bare skin, first.

You came back, wanting to be photo graphed like the others, didn t you?

Well, that's fine with me..

Even though ran away earlier,

You can't do this, Juliet!

Get a hold of yourself!

Ohh!

I don't know what you were planning to do, dressing up as that monster from long ago, but you never scared me for a second.

OH NO...

I CAN'T MOVE...

Ah, so it was you, Juliet.

That's a good girl.

You are most beautiful when nude.

Come on then, my fair Juliet.

I... I'M HELPLESS IN FRONT OF THIS MAN...

I'M TERRI-FIED!

Are you not ashamed of yourself?

And who are you? I have no business with little boys...

ARTHUR...

My photographs are art!

D... D... Depraved, you say...?

How dare you coerce defenceless little girls into taking depraved photographs...

You are no gentleman!

QUIET!

NO THEY'RE NOT!

YOU'RE IN FOR A RUDE SURPRISE!

IF YOU THINK ALL CHILDREN WILL QUIET DOWN JUST BECAUSE YOU TELL THEM TO,

AND THE LESS SUSCEPTIBLE I WILL BE TO YOUR HYPNOTIC WORDS...!

THE MORE MY NERVES ARE STIRRED,

EVERY-TIME YOU STRIKE ME,

ARTHUR

SHUT UP, SHUT UP!

From your authoritative tone to your restrained mannerisms...

Juliet's very conscious towards classes, and is thus susceptible to those with authority...

H... How can a boy like you figure that out...?

For your wicked ends!

Towards the fact that you're misusing Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer's theories on mesmerism,

All these signs point...

Even your Austrian accent...

HMPH, YOU'RE STILL A MERE CHILD!

ARE NOT SOMETHING A PROPER SCIENTIST WOULD DO!

BOTH YOUR BRAND OF PHOTOG-RAPHY AND HYP-NOTISM,

However...

Yes, I am a child!

Every child will one day,

Grow up into an adult!

HUFF

It's nothing, milady.

ARTHUR, YOU'RE HURT... I'M SO SORRY FOR GETTING YOU DRAGGED IN ALL OF THIS...

YOU'RE LATE, YOU CUNTS!

MASTER! WAS THE RUCKUS EARLIER 'CAUSE OF THIS BRAT!?

I only said what I wished to say...

As you suspected, I did as a matter of fact study mesmerism under Dr. Mesmer at Vienna, in addition to photography at another place.

Since you've got some brains for a child, let me make this clear.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME USING HYPNOSIS FOR THE SAKE OF SUBLIME HUMAN BEAUTY!

I AM AN ARTIST!

Just as a naturalist anaesthetises his butterflies to display their beauty...

My aim is merely to capture the most beautiful moment of these pristine maidens.

But I practice these two with no malevolent intentions.

W-WHAT'S THAT MANIACAL CACKLE!?

!?

It... Couldn't be...

.....

Who could it be!?

Long ago... I knew a similar duffer,

Who would spew such hogwash.

As with butter-flies...?

So you wish to preserve beauty,

WHO D'YOU THINK YOU ARE!?

STOP RIGHT THERE!

There is no "most beautiful" or sublime anything to be found in sterile samples or photographs...

The boy over there is correct.

NGHH!

Uncle Walter!

WHA-

KILL HIM!

Is their power to change...

For humans, their most sublime quality,

H...

HE JUMPED!

SLASH

S... SOME-ONE HELP...

It seems you tried to silence your detractors with this gang of ruffians...

I had heard rumours of some aristocrat taking depraved photographs of little girls...

I may not have the right to lecture you on what's right or wrong,

Nor do I have any intention of doing so, but.

HELP!

You made a grave error by laying hands on my lovely little niece.

A back door, Juliet?

WHAT DO WE DO, UNCLE? DOWN BELOW IS FULL OF ARMED THUGS... MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY TO FIND A BACK DOOR TO ESCAPE...

THE MASTER'S BEEN ATTACKED! C'MON, FELLAS! LET'S GO GET THE INTRUDER!

ドカドカ

B... BUT HOW?

You will always proudly use the main doors.

You are no less than the niece of Marquess Walter de la Poer Streid.

Cleared by Spring-Heeled Jack.

All you have to do is follow the path,

Err...

As for the girls here, I've asked a friend of mine in Scotland Yard to take care of them.

Your parents should be here shortly.

Thank you, my lord...

Right down to your striking fortitude...

Haha... You're the spitting image of your mother.

I concede defeat to the likes of you and your mother.

とん

A-AS IF I WOULD EVER FANCY A BOY LIKE HIM!

Juliet, careful not to fall for this boy.

The Streid household is quite vulnerable to these types.

With a great leap,

Spring-Heeled Jack leapt down below,

Took care of all the thugs below,

Your uncle is incredible, milady...

He disappeared across the horizon.

And within a flash...

EVEN IF I PLEADED?

WON'T YOU DO IT FOR ME,

But you're the daughter of a marquess...

HEY... COULD YOU, ERR... STOP IT WITH THAT MILADY TALK?

OH THANK GOODNESS!

S-sure...

JULIET!

カラカラ

W-WAIT!

Let us put this sordid affair behind and go home.

Oh thank heavens! We heard everything from your uncle!

MOTHER! FATHER!

Shellby? Can't say I've ever heard that name...

Well, in any case, thank you for your help, lad.

HIS NAME IS ARTHUR SHELLBY.

Arthur?

ARTHUR HELPED IN SAVING ME!

Juliet! Don't act so immodestly!

ARTHUR! ARTHUR!

WHAT, BUT ARTHUR WAS...

Oh no, milady, that won't be nece-

We'll send our servant later to give you a proper reward.

Good-bye, Juliet!

ARTHUR, THANKS FOR EVERY-THING! I... I...

But that man would say this:

May say such things,

Her parents or relatives,

They cannot be together!

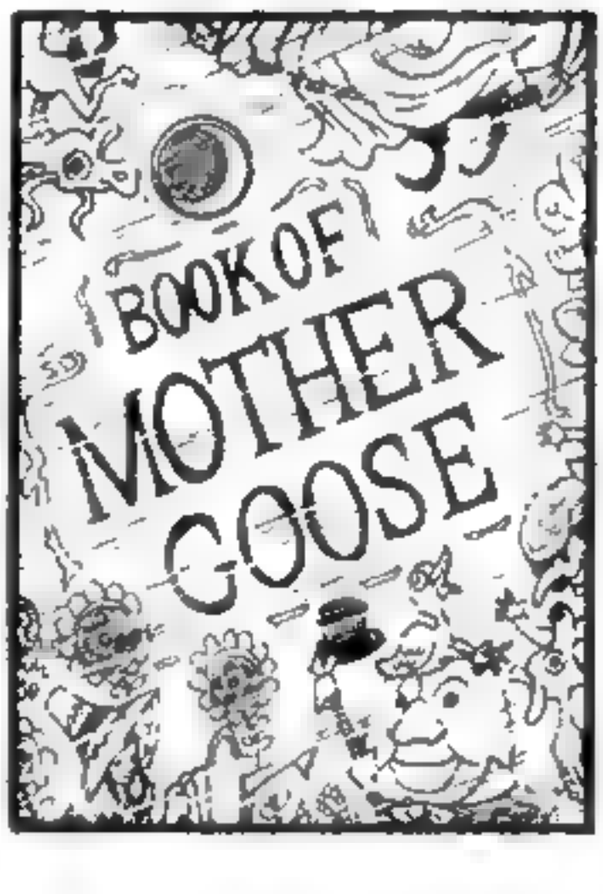
Now then...

What became of those two, you wonder?

Nobody knows but those two themselves.

It matters not!

How trifling!



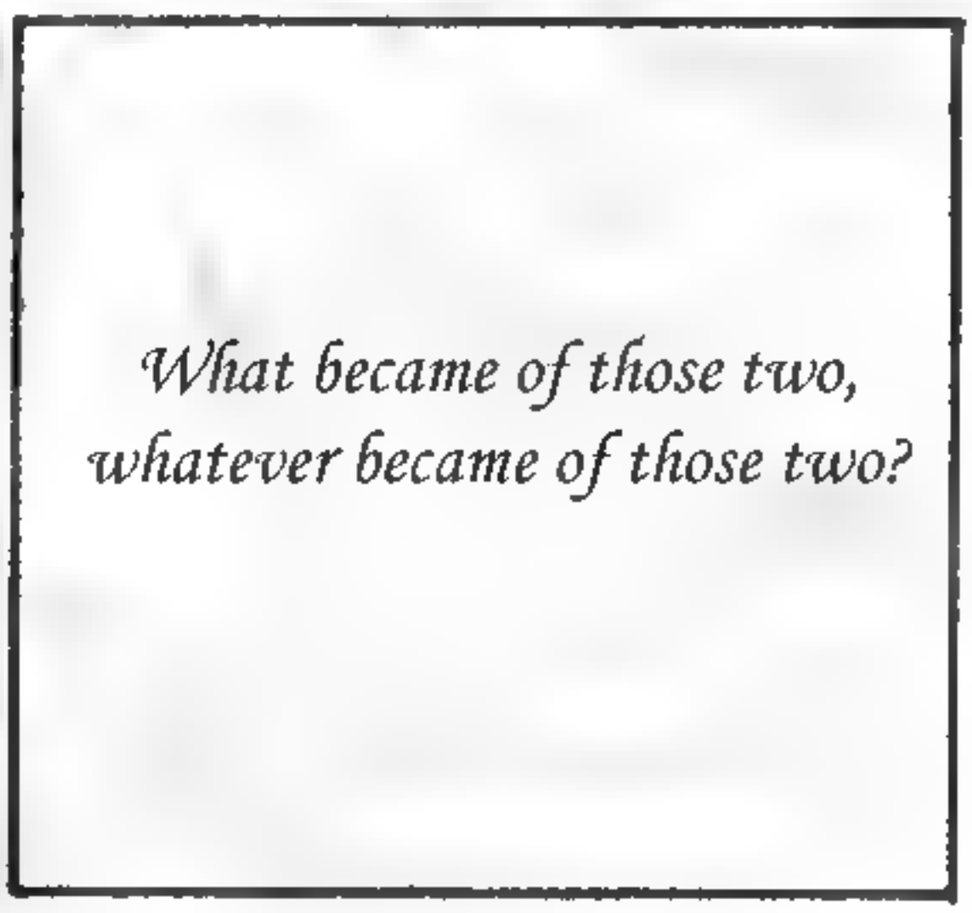
Jack jump over the candlestick,

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,

ほの友

Oh, it's almost time for them to arrive.

Would you look at the time! Getting here was quite the trouble.


What became of those two, whatever became of those two?

Welcome. You must be the couple who requested a tour of the Black Museum, yes?

Well... It's only because you wanted to take a detour to Westminster.

You couldn't even read a map to save your life!

Oh, for heaven's sake!

...But I had to see the circus no matter what!

And an evidence from it should be housed here.

Ah, yes! We're investigating a certain case,

Very well, come this way...

Whatever became of those two...

That is a secret.

BLACK MUSEUM

See you next time.

Black Museum Springald — The End

The Black Museum

Springald

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Special thanks to
Jinka Katsuo

Translated by Hox
Cleaned by Happy-Scans

Afterword

"The terror of London who scared young women out of their wits was, in actuality, quite timid when dealing with women."

What a marvelous line that is, taken from Jinka Katsuo's chapter on Spring-Heeled Jack in his book, "London's Bizarre Legends" (published by Media Factory).

It was Mr. Terauchi, the editor at Weekly Morning and an admirer of England, who first handed over that book to me. Although I had my hands full with ongoing shounen series (Moonlight Act), I couldn't resist when I read this line.

"A phantom with spring-heels in the foggy nights of Victorian-era London... What an atmosphere. And this suspected marquess is quite the character as well," I thought.

"I wonder what kind of man this marquess was? Why did he choose to jump around...? And in such a disguise...?"

Many times, I pondered such questions without growing tired of it. And so, after a few years and several attempts since I first read that book, my Spring-Heeled Jack manga is complete at last. And to think, Jinka Katsuo, the very author of the book that originally inspired me, was kind enough to write some extra commentary for my book!

Words cannot express how grateful and excited I am.

Fool's *Black Museum*

Fujita Kazuhiro

Oh, really? Thanks, guys.
This curator character's pretty good.
Assistants
Oh, you read my new book?
You liked the curator? Thanks.
Look, you're just a curator. Why would a minor character like you take the center stage?
Is my reception favourable?
If so, perhaps I could take the main role in the next chapter...?
God, stop annoying me!
I gotta go meet Mr Jinka!
But I too am fashionably interesting, am I not...!?

I'd like to express my sincerest thanks to Mr. Jinka once again. Had it not been for him, my Springald would have never been able to leap into this world... of fiction.

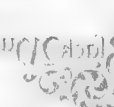
I would also like to thank Tanikawa Shuntarou for his Japanese translation of Mother Goose.

Now then, it is time for the Black Museum to close for today. However, due to the displeased demands of the amusing Ms. Curator, I plan to re-open the museum some time again in the future.

Both the curator and I will be pleased if you will be there to join us again when that time comes.

-Fujita Kazuhiro-

★この物語はフィクションです。登場するすべての人名・地名・団体名等は実在のものと一切関係ありません。



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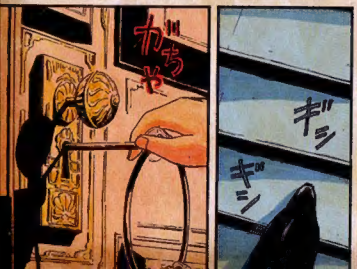
Welcome to the Black Museum.
You must be Inspector Rockenfield, here to tour the museum, I presume.
I am the curator of the Black Museum.

Correct.
Come this way.

This is the very crime museum of Scotland Yard.
Which houses all the evidence to cases investigated in the past, correct?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NOO!

Ordering me, Dawson Thomas of the well-respected Thomas household around...?

What's this? A mere harlot,

P-PLEASE, SIR... NOT ME FACE...

Oh...?

ARE YOU THICK OR JUST DEAF? PAY YOUR MONTH'S EARNINGS ALREADY, YOU LITTLE PINCH-COCK!

Ahh!

HOW DARE YOU!

B-BUT 4 POUNDS IS JUST TOO M-

THERE'S AT LEAST ONE INSPEC-TOR BY THE NAME OF JAMES ROCKEN-FIELD,

WHO AIN'T GONNA STAND FOR THAT KINDA BULL.

ACK-

AN' I'LL 'AVE YA THROWN INTO NEWGATE PRISON.

KEEP UP YER PIMPIN' WAYS,

DON'T FORGET THAT.

ALL I DID WAS CHASE OFF SOME RODENTS BOTHERING MY VIEW FOR MY OWN SAKE,

THIS YER IDEA O' SAVIN' ME?

YER QUITE THE BRUTE YERSELF.

JUST WAIVE OFF YOUR FEES IF I EVER COME KNOCKIN'.

'LEAST GIMME A CHANCE T' THANK YA...

It's another incident!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SERGEANT DANIEL KAVANAGH?

Ins-pector!

Ins-pector!

WHAT!?

Spring-Heeled Jack, I mean!